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Worm Literature
MMXXIII

Motley Mag

VOL.3

thoughts and visuals
selected

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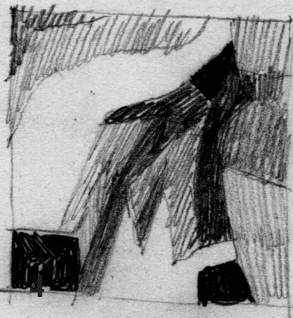
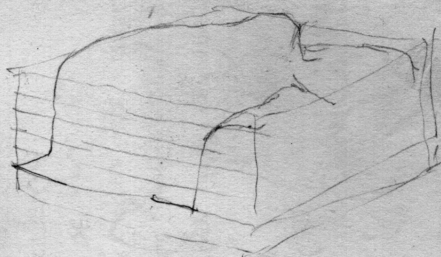
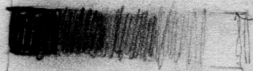
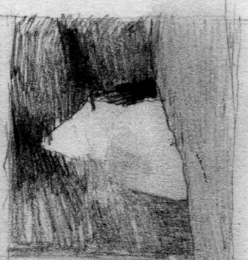
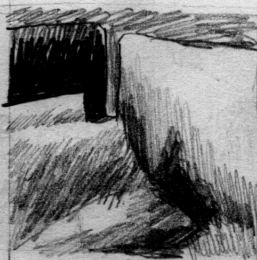
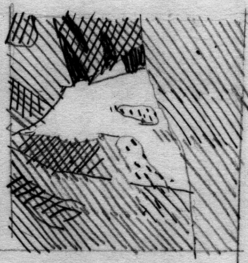
EDITOR. João Bresler *@oysterboiwho*

COLLABORATORS.

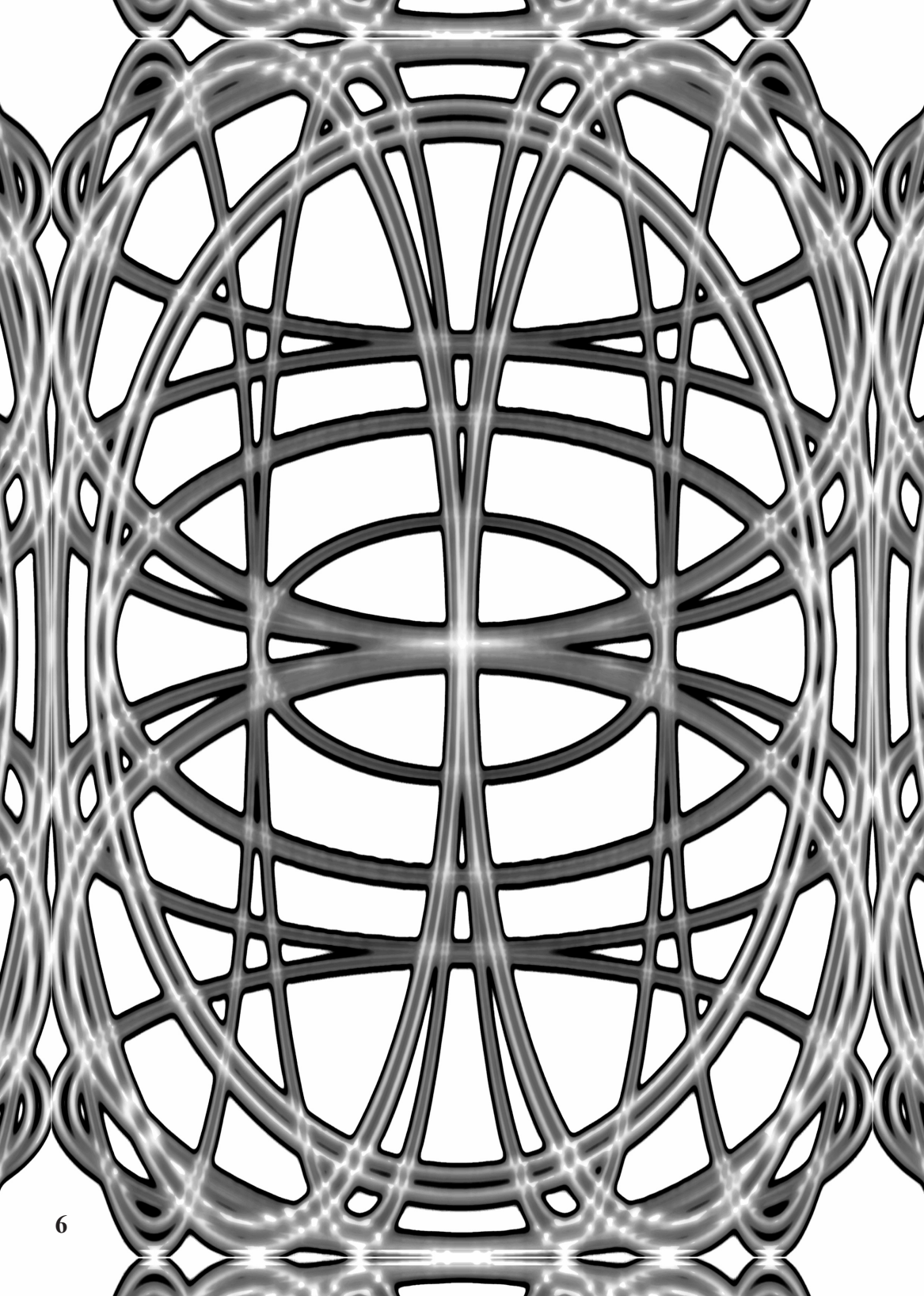
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Lula <i>@lullilak</i>	13 & 14
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Georgie <i>@warmwishesband</i>	23
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Gurdev Singh <i>@gurdevart</i>	25
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THREE
OF

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THREE
OF
SWORDS

THREE OF SWORDS

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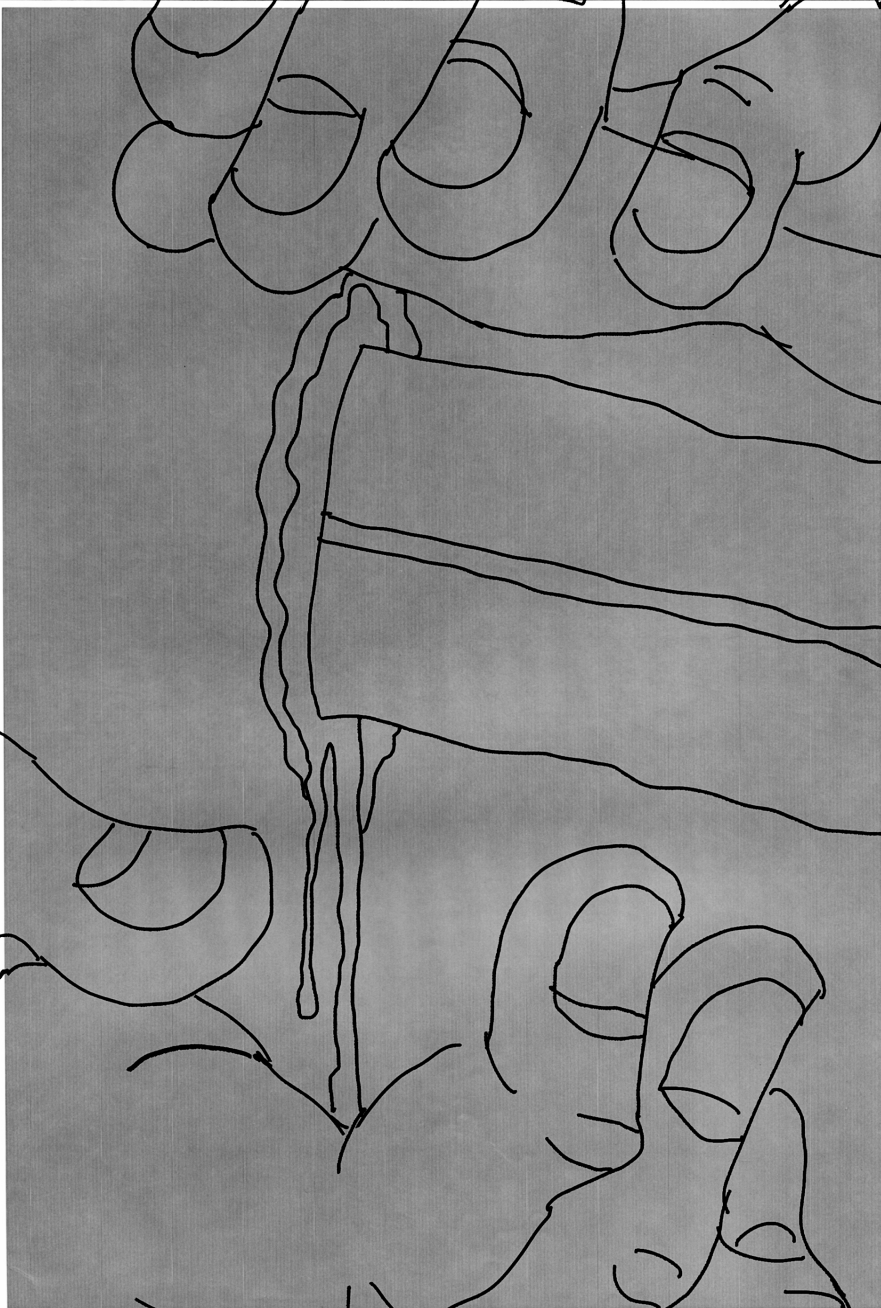
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I WORRY THAT LIFE IS
LIKE A LIGHTBULB IN
MY DRUNKEN HANDS

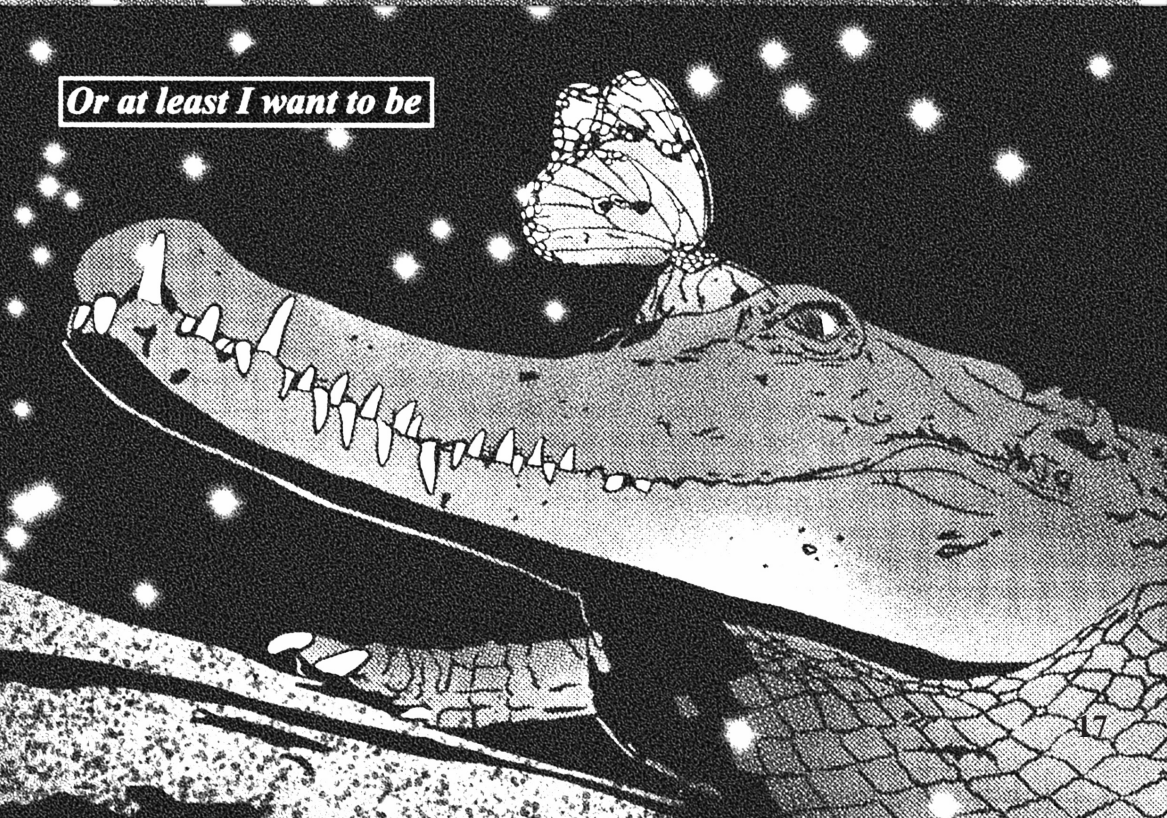


CAN I LIVE
WITHOUT CAUSING
HARM?





I am a peaceful creature



Or at least I want to be





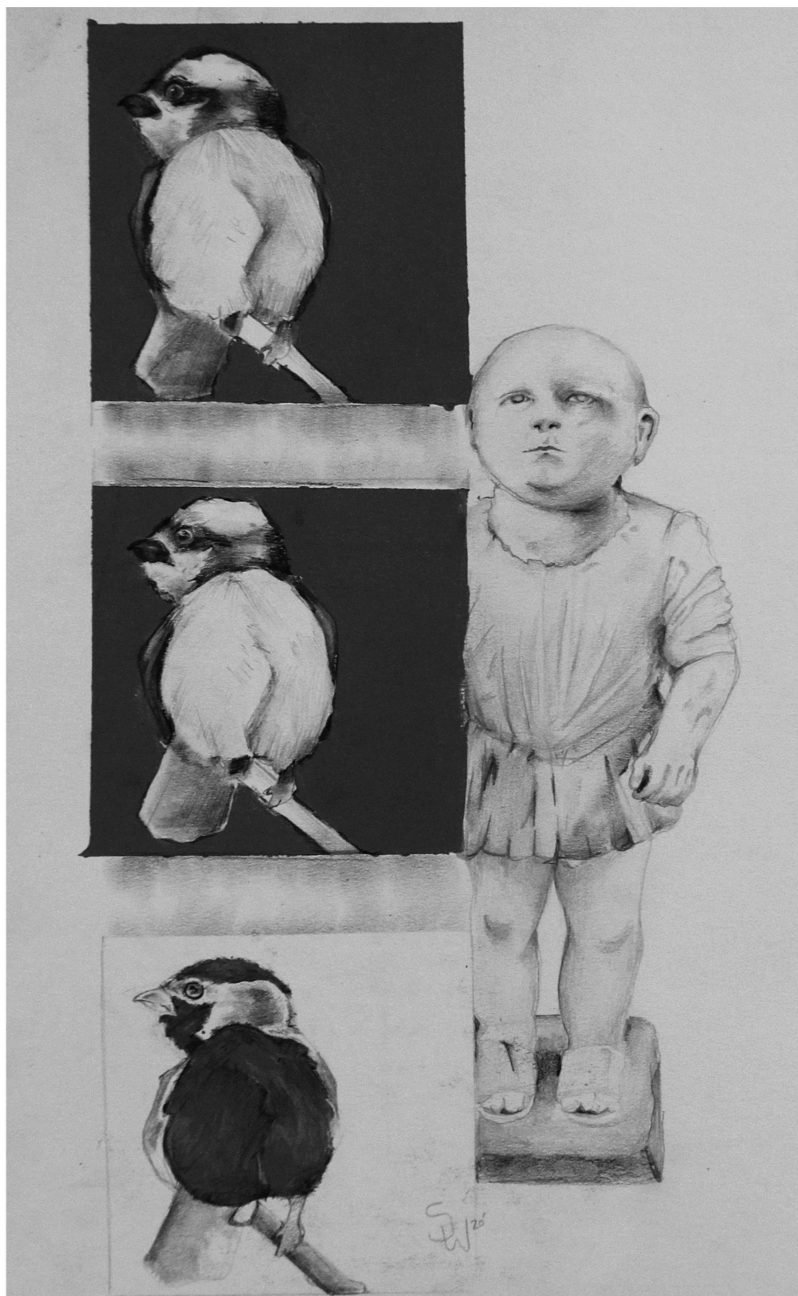




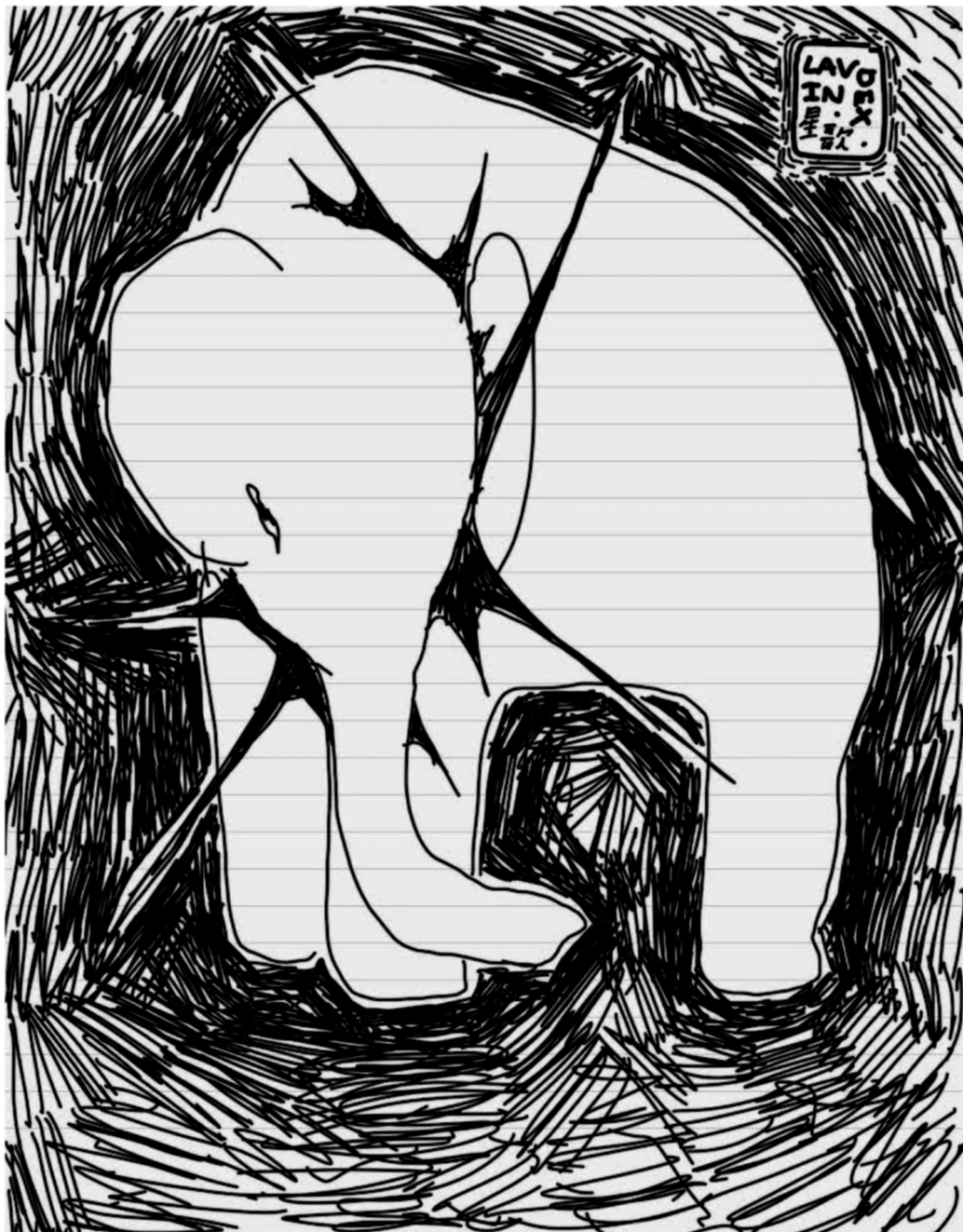


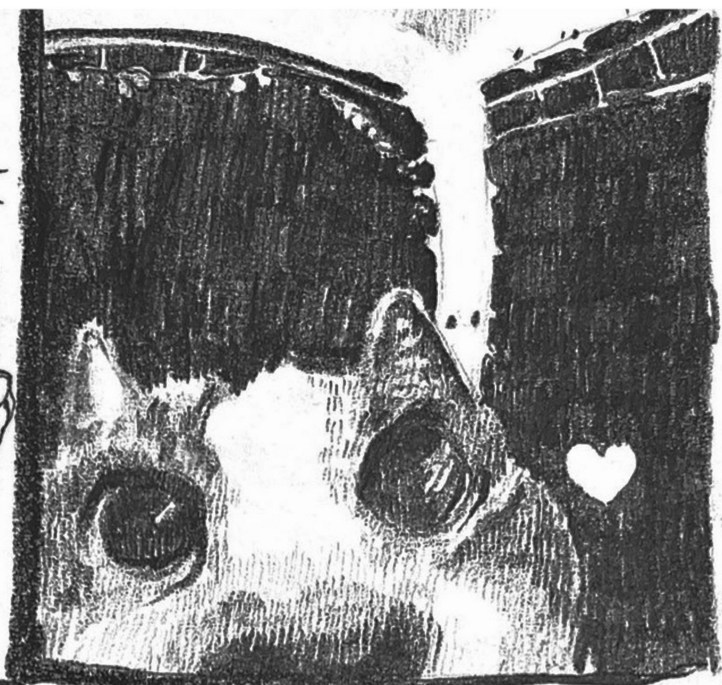
There's a certain
time every year
when
everything that
seemed to be going
easy
begins to feel like
it's falling apart

Beginning of
October—I can't
wear a sweater, not
every day
I'm going to keep
doing whatever it is
that I do
that makes You not
want to go away







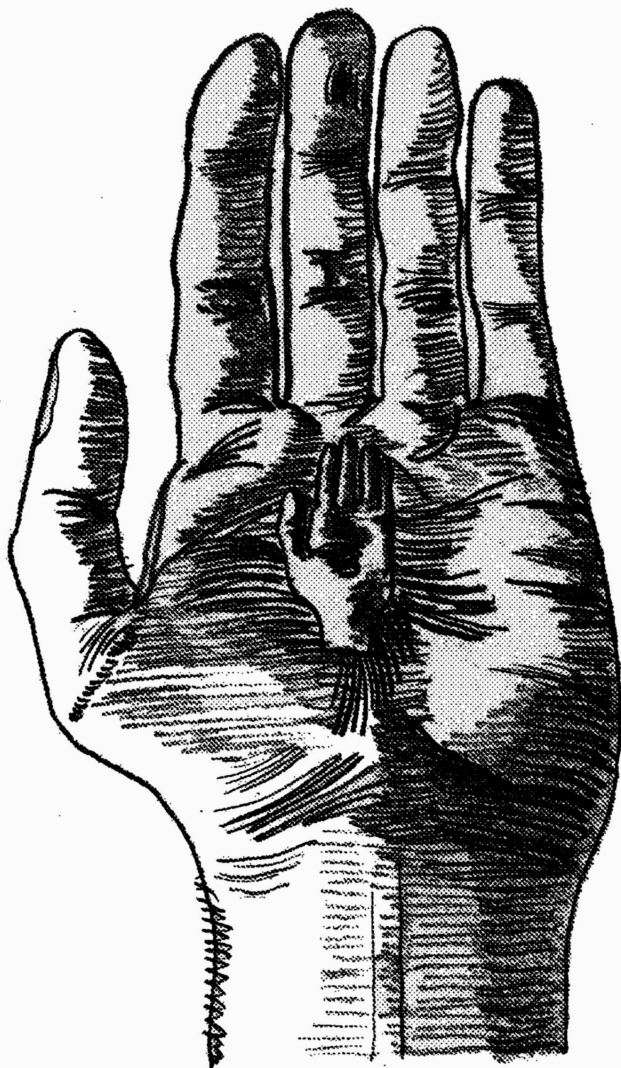


MEOW



I hold in my hand...

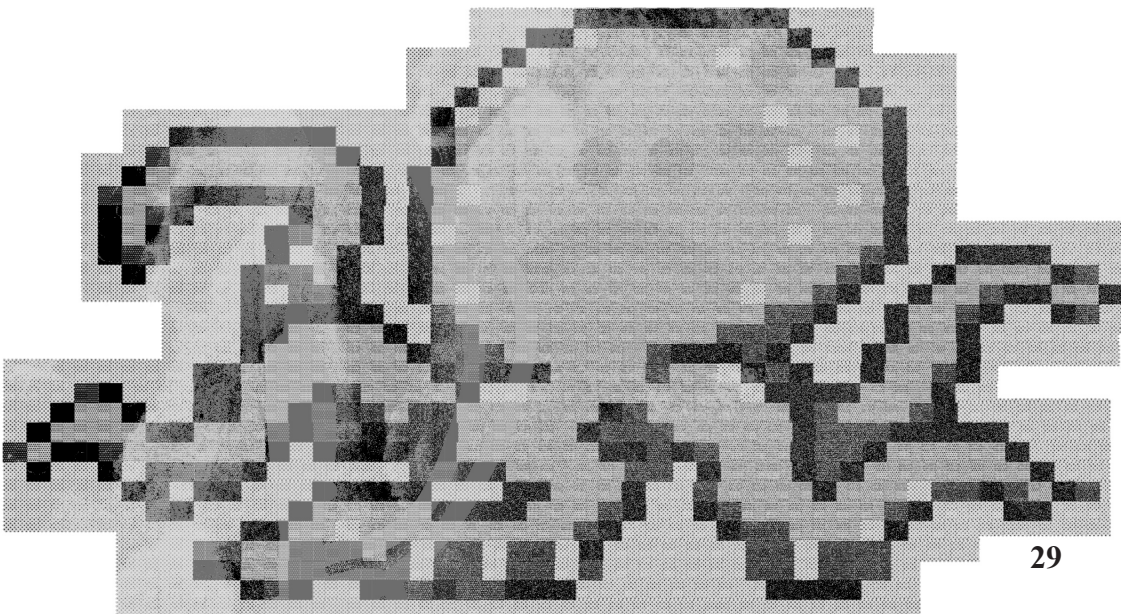
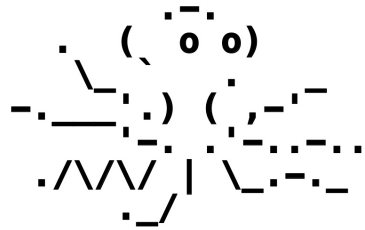
my hand.

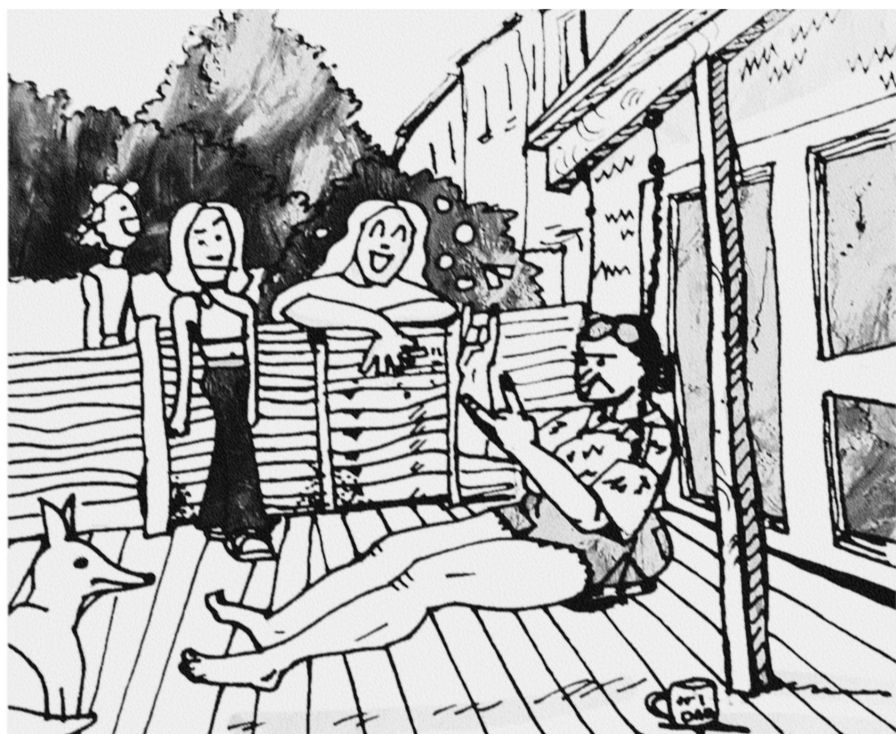
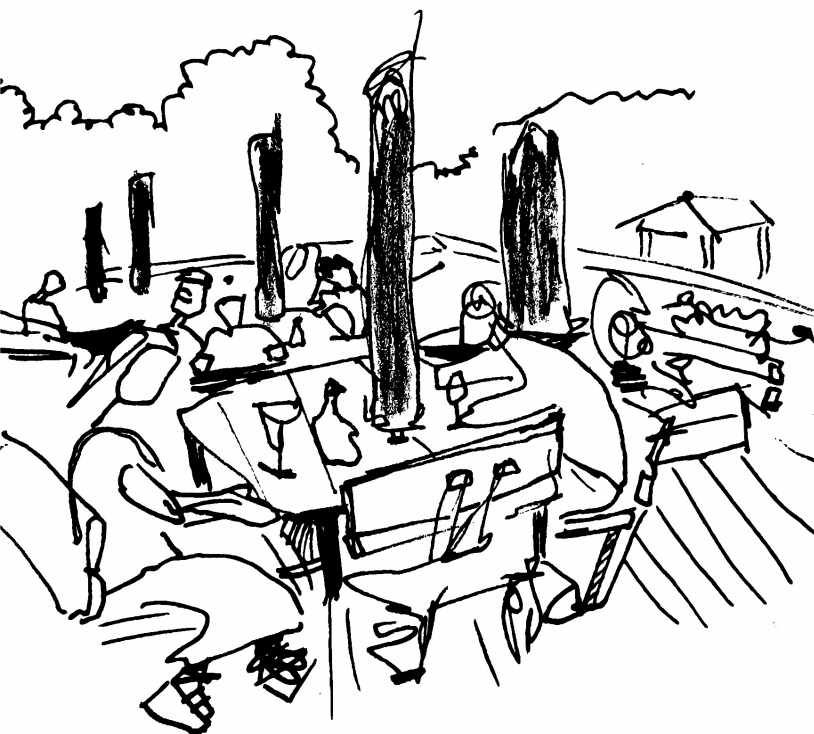


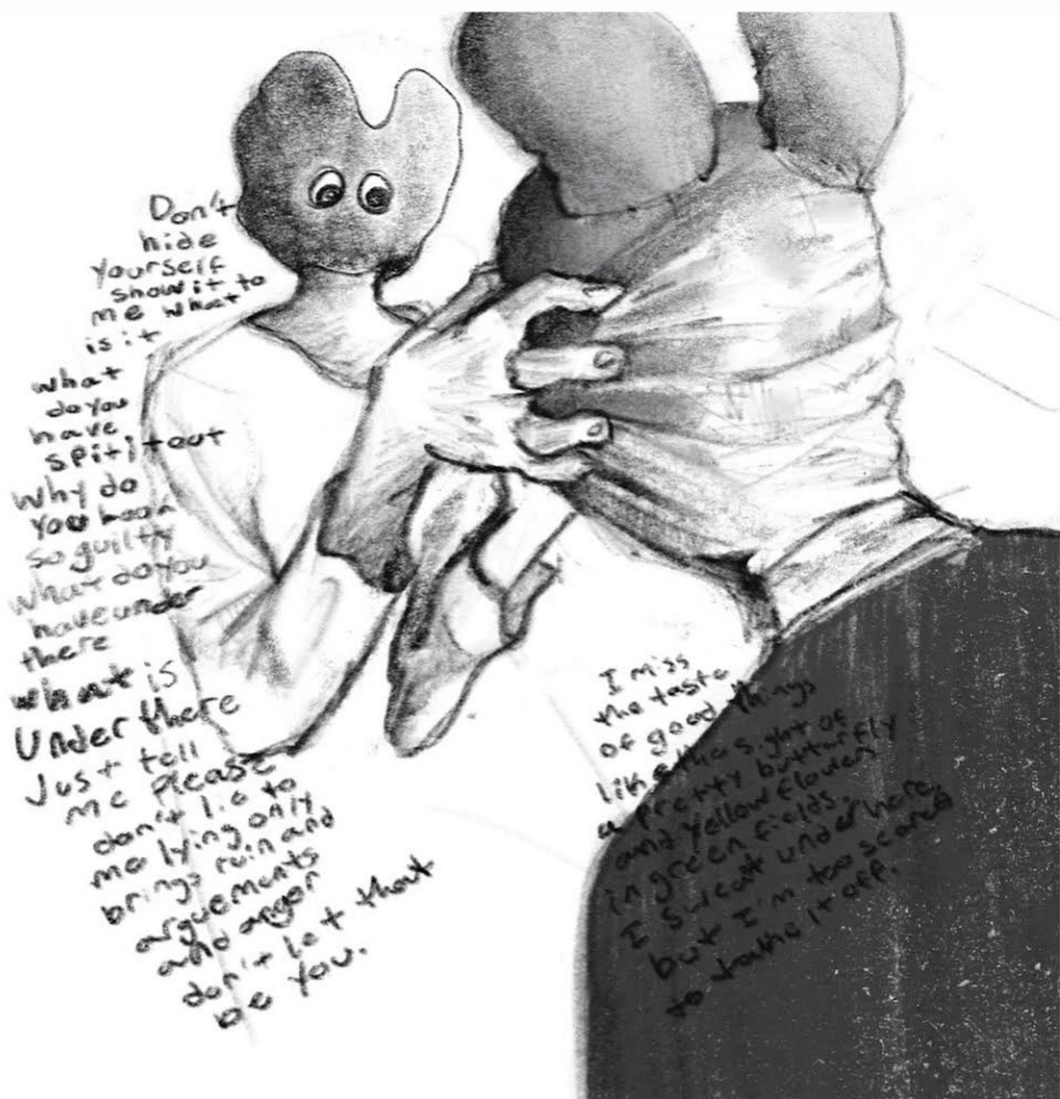
Paraphernalia

jetlagged worm greets me
hair-trigger excerpts
found after crossed out eyes
only my stuff remains
i hope it finds an owner
or a comfy landfill

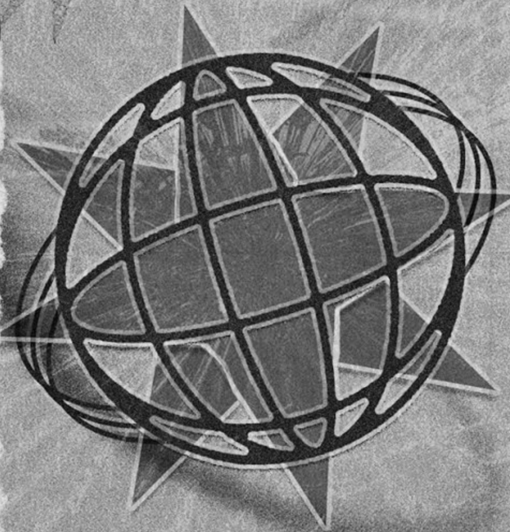
octopus head abandons me
goodbye little thingy
you will be missed,
but had you stayed
i would mutate into you
and i've grown to dislike
the smell of ink quite a lot
makes me icky and begrimed







SIX DEGREES

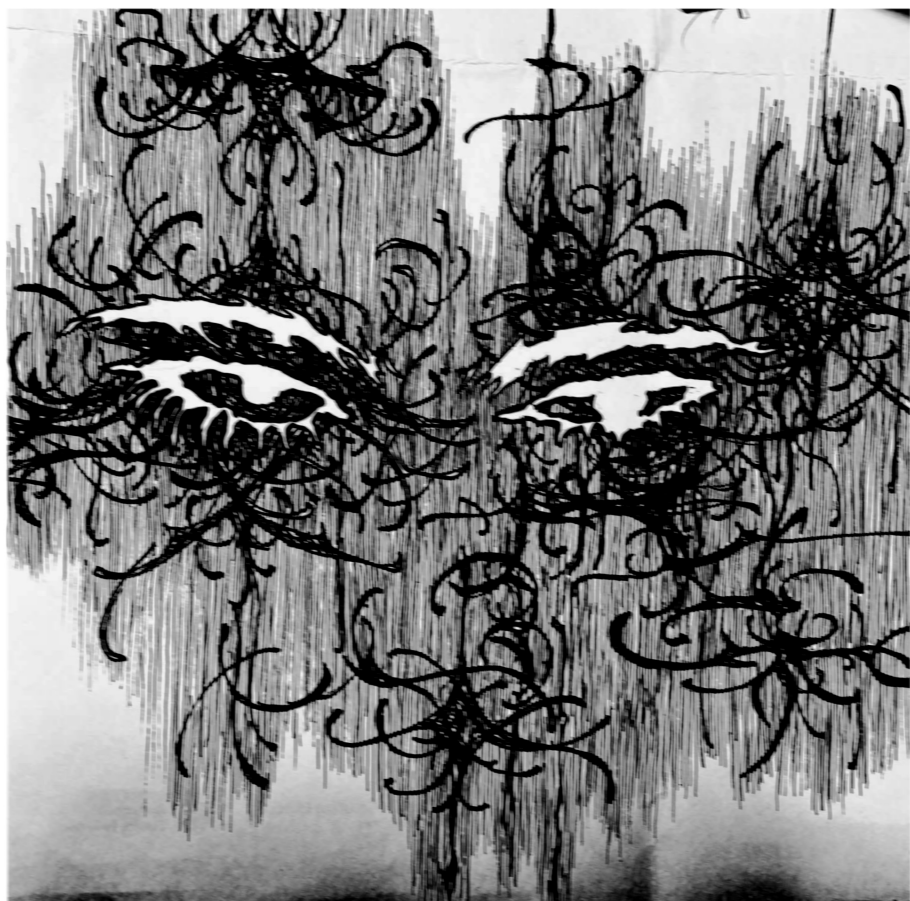


EVEN THOUGH THE WORLD BARELY RECOGNIZES

SINGULAR EXISTENCE

HUMANS ARE SO SELF ADOBED.

OF SEPARATION





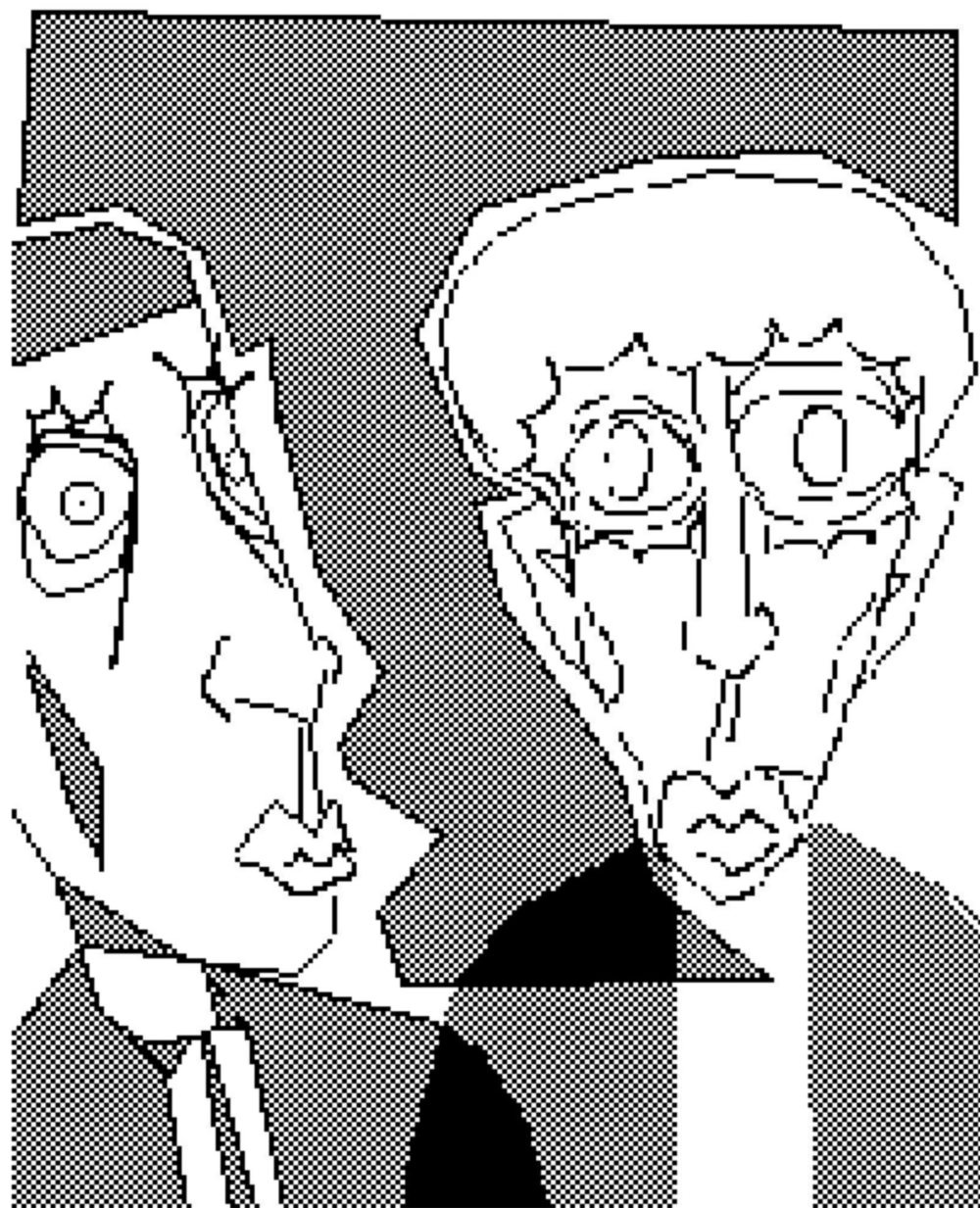
THE
WOLF
IN
THE
SHEEP'S
CLOTHING





2:25 AM

A cold Christmas eve at 11:59 PM
I am sitting at my desk doing homework
When a minute later "tick tock"
The clock chimes midnight
I retreat upstairs
Unknowingly walking past the firelight that
set my house alight at 2:25 AM
It only took a spark in which a dark house
became a candle for the whole block to see
But I didn't see the spark
I didn't see my house burn alive in the dark
I didn't hear the panic in my family's voices
as they ran out and apart
From the house set aflame at 2:25 AM
I laid there in the darkness of my sheets
I stayed in the burning house
asleep, at peace, dormant
Until it was over.



The Aftermath of 2:25 AM

I awake not of my own accord
But from the brightness of a flashlight
The harsh light shot into my eyes
It woke me from my slumber in the flames
I walk outside the consumed house at 2:53
AM
I witness the multiple firetrucks and curious
neighbors overlooking our house
I witnessed so much of the insurance
battles, the rumors, the facebook posts,
And the burnt remains of 2:25 AM



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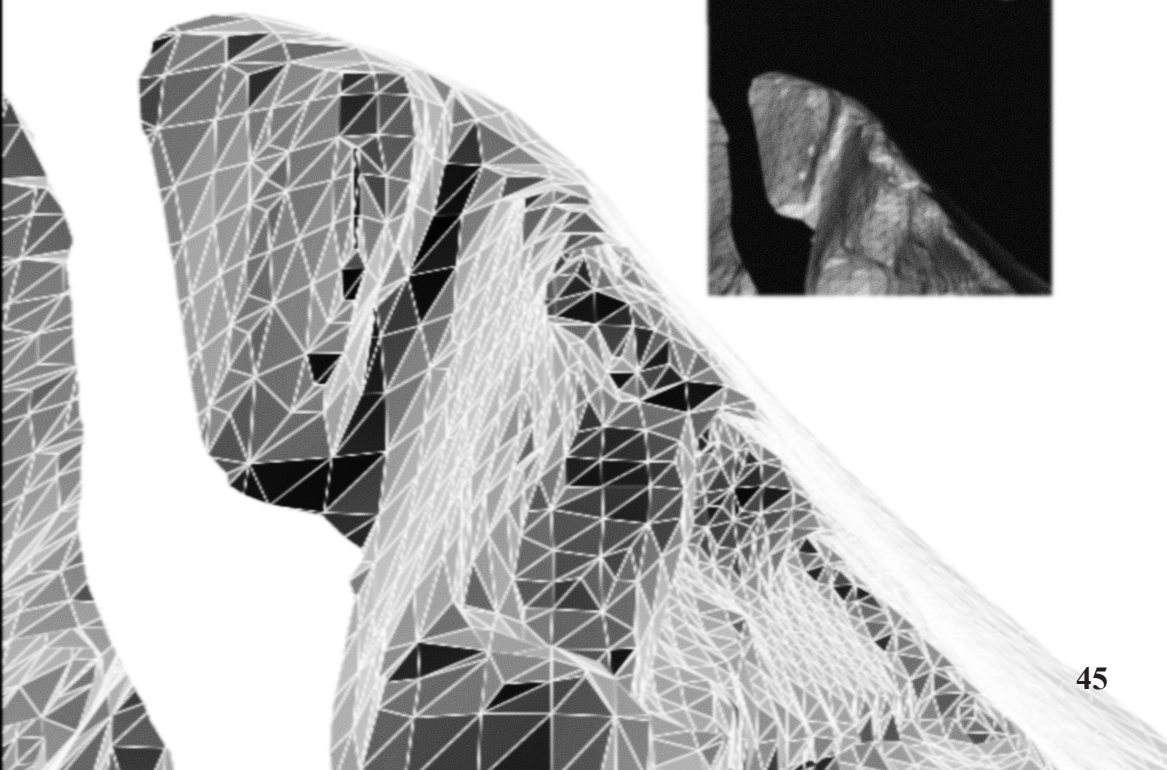
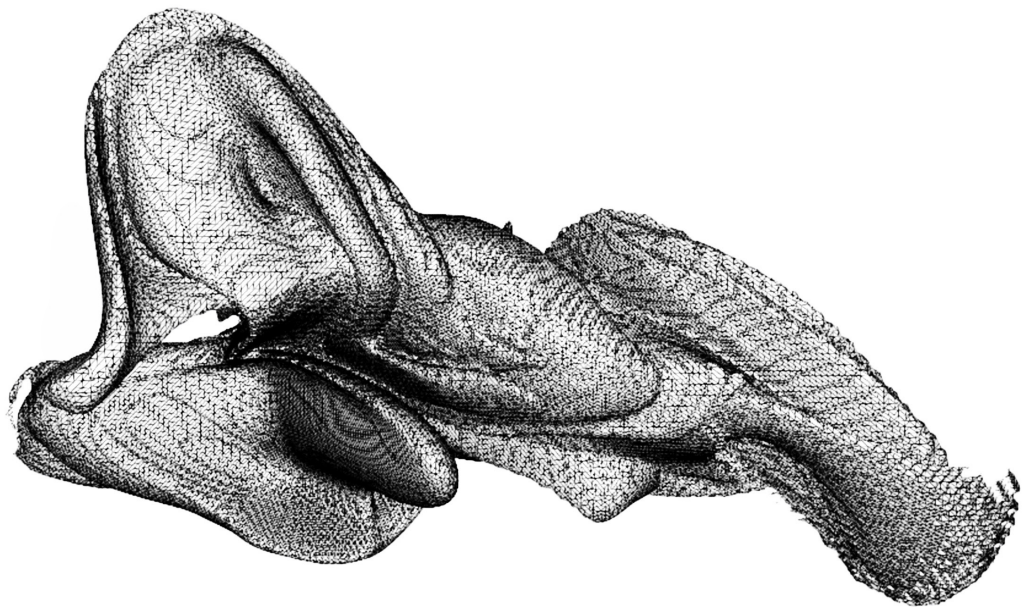
XENO X3NO X3NOOOO © 2022





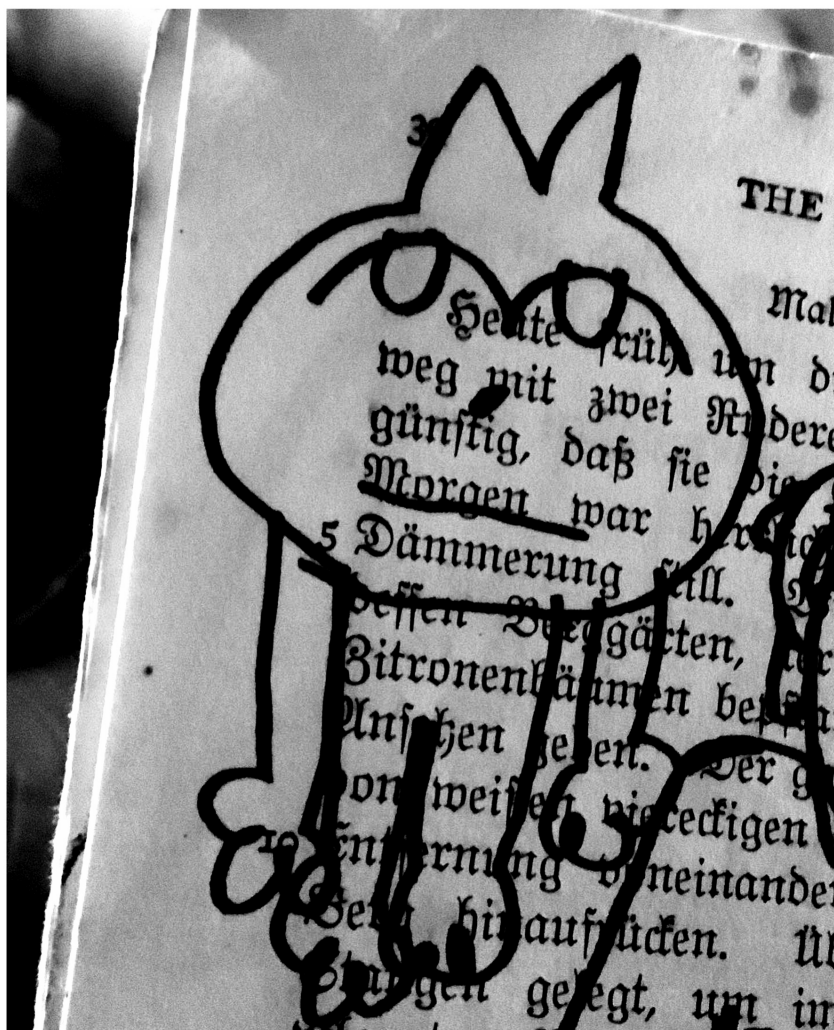














You are an agent of the apocalypse
You are an agent of the apocalypse
You are an agent of the apocalypse

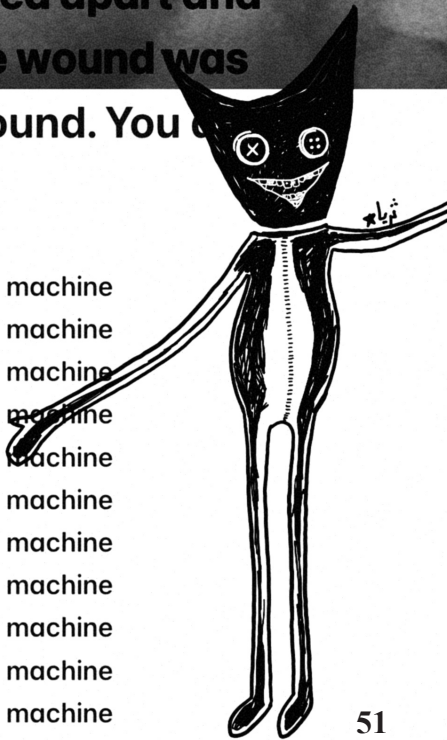
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You are an agent of the apocalypse
You are an agent of the apocalypse
You are an agent of the apocalypse



**Mr. Betty says you are an agent of the
apocalypse. You have been ripped apart and
stitched back perfectly. As if the wound was
never even there. You are the wound. You are
the thread.**

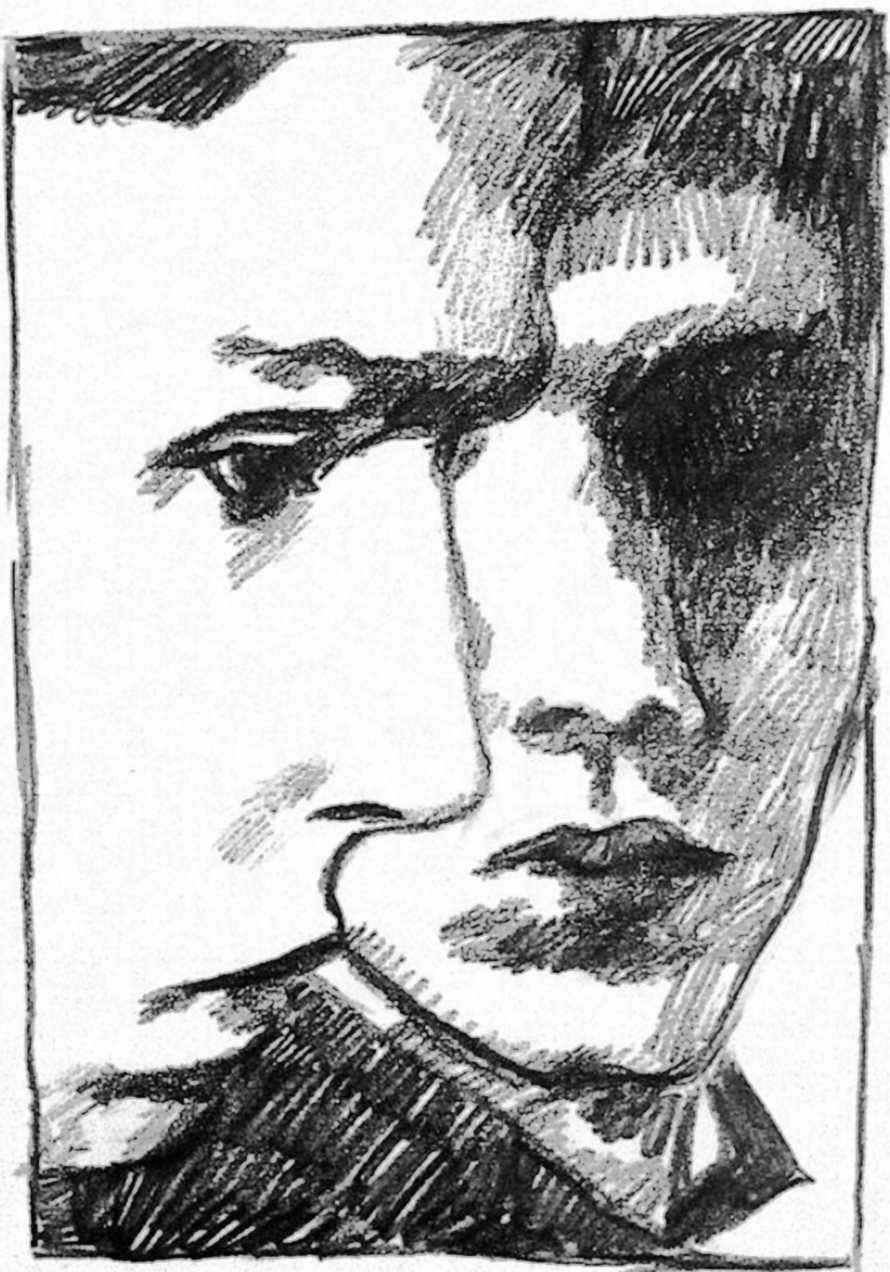
You are the immortal machine You are the immortal machine
You are the immortal machine You are the immortal machine
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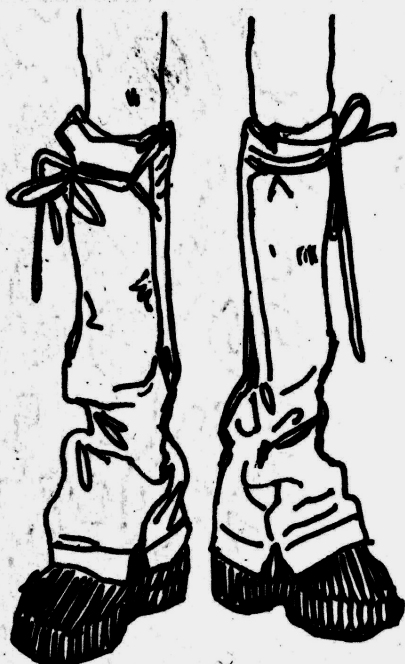






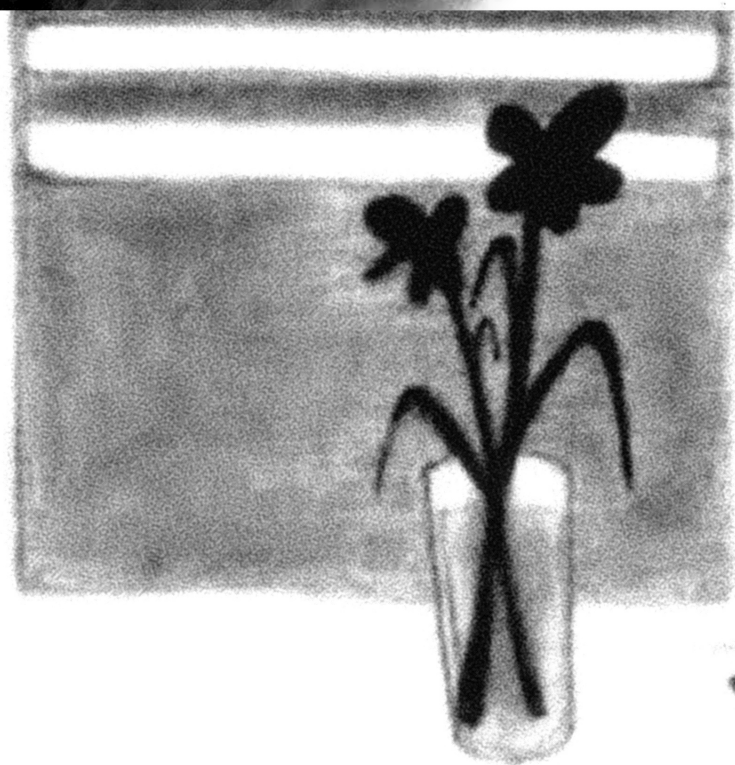


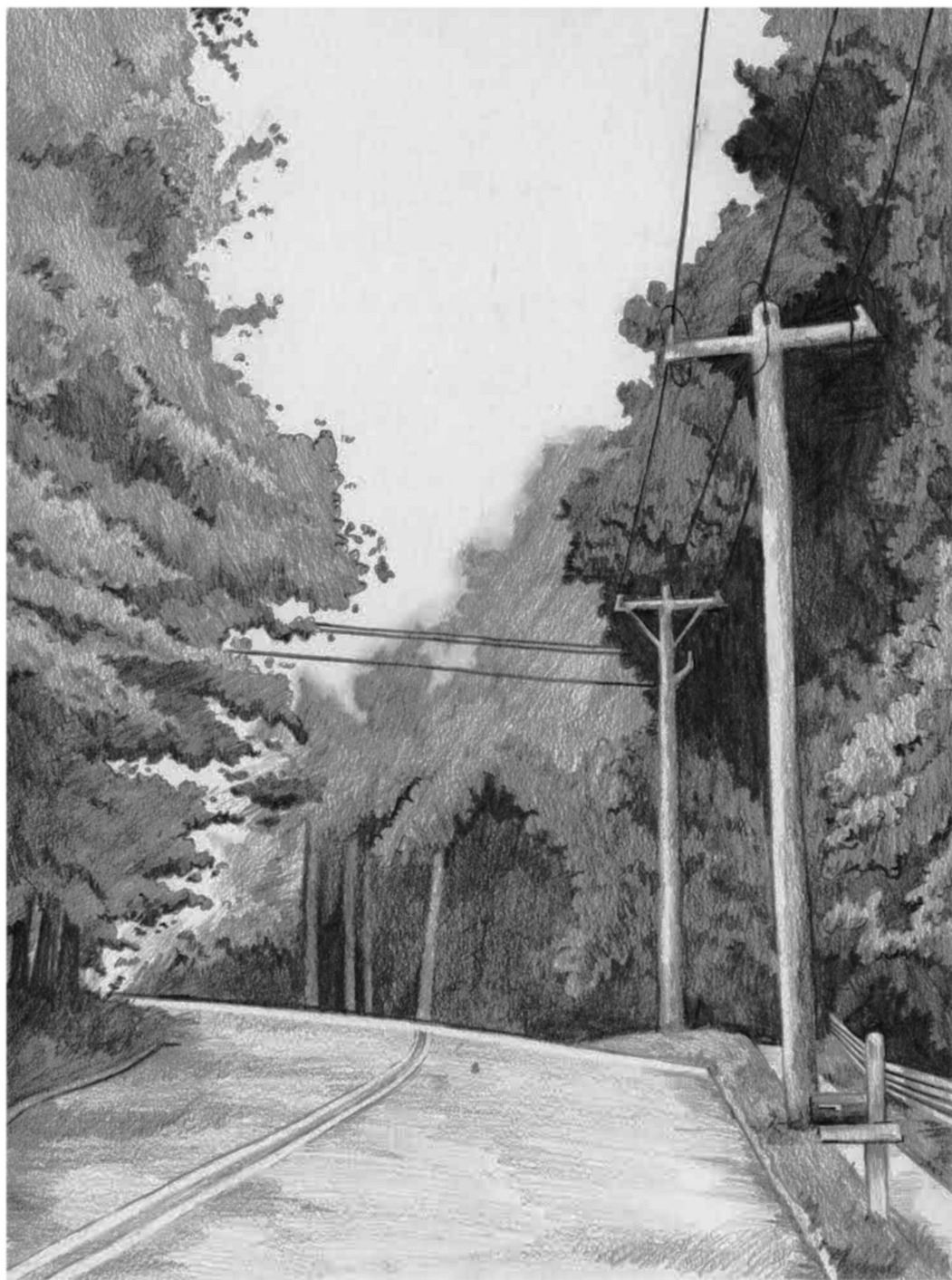


















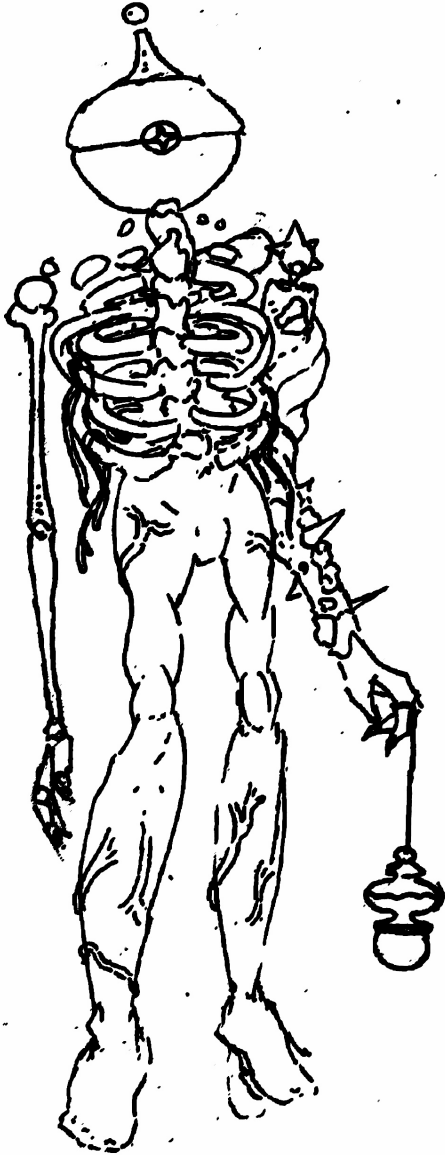














MOTHER

i DESPISE MY MOTHER i PICK HER PURPLE FLOWERS
EVERYDAY SHE IS PATRONISING AND CONTRADICTING
i HOPE i AM NEVER LIKE HER i AM THE SPITTING
IMAGE OF HER SHE IS MEAN AND CRUEL SHE IS
SOFT AND ~~SOFT~~ GENTLE AND KISSES MY HAND TWICE
WHEN SHE THINKS I'M ASLEEP WHEN i GROW UP
i WANT TO MOVE FAR AWAY FROM HER ALL i WANT IS
TO LIVE A BIKE RIDE AWAY FROM HER SHE SMELLS
LIKE WARM FOOD AND FRESH SALTWATER i NEED HER
i NEVER WANT TO BE NEAR HER AGAIN SHE CUTS ME
LIPSTICK KISSED APPLE SLICES AND ON THE
WEEKEND SHE ~~DIS~~ DISLOCATED MY JAW AND
NO ONE KNEW NOT EVEN HER

mother

i despise my mother i pick her purple flowers
everyday she is patronising and contradicting
i hope am never like her i am the spitting
image of her she is mean and cruel she is
soft and gentle and kisses my hand twice
when she thinks i'm asleep when i grow up
i want to move far away from her all i want is
to live a bike ride away from her she smells
like warm food and fresh saltwater i need her
i never want to be near her again she cuts me
lipstick kissed apple slices and on the
weekend she dislocated my jaw and
no one knew not even her

BANANA GRAMS

BEEN

CALLED

DIG

PEN

CLIT

SICKLE

ROT

LEAK

PINCH

CUT

CUT

CUT

CUT

BAD

bananagrams

been
called
dig
pen
clit
sickle
rot
leak
pinch
cut
cut
cut
cut
bad

Sylvia Plath

i TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME SO THAT THE
MAGPIES WON'T BITE.

i MISS MY MOTHER AND MY GRIMY LAMP. i WAKE UP
ON ~~OLD~~ PLASTIC SHEETS, COLD AND SORE LIKE
A DOG'S BITE. i ACHE IN PLACES HE'LL NEVER
KNOW. INSTEAD, i TALK LEFTIST AND ANTI CAPITALIST TO HIM.
i WRITE HALF A POEM WHEN i GET HOME.

LIKE A BAD IMITATION OF SYLVIA PLATH, IT GOES:

"i ACHE FOR YOU BAD. PARTS OF ME HEAVE AND
PUSH FOR YOU. WHEN i THINK ABOUT YOU,
i CAN HARDLY BREATHE. IT'S NOT FAIR.

HERE i AM, ALL OF ME. THIS IS ME, i PRESENT.
ALL OF ME ACHES."

sylvia plath

i take the long way home so that the
magpies won't bite.

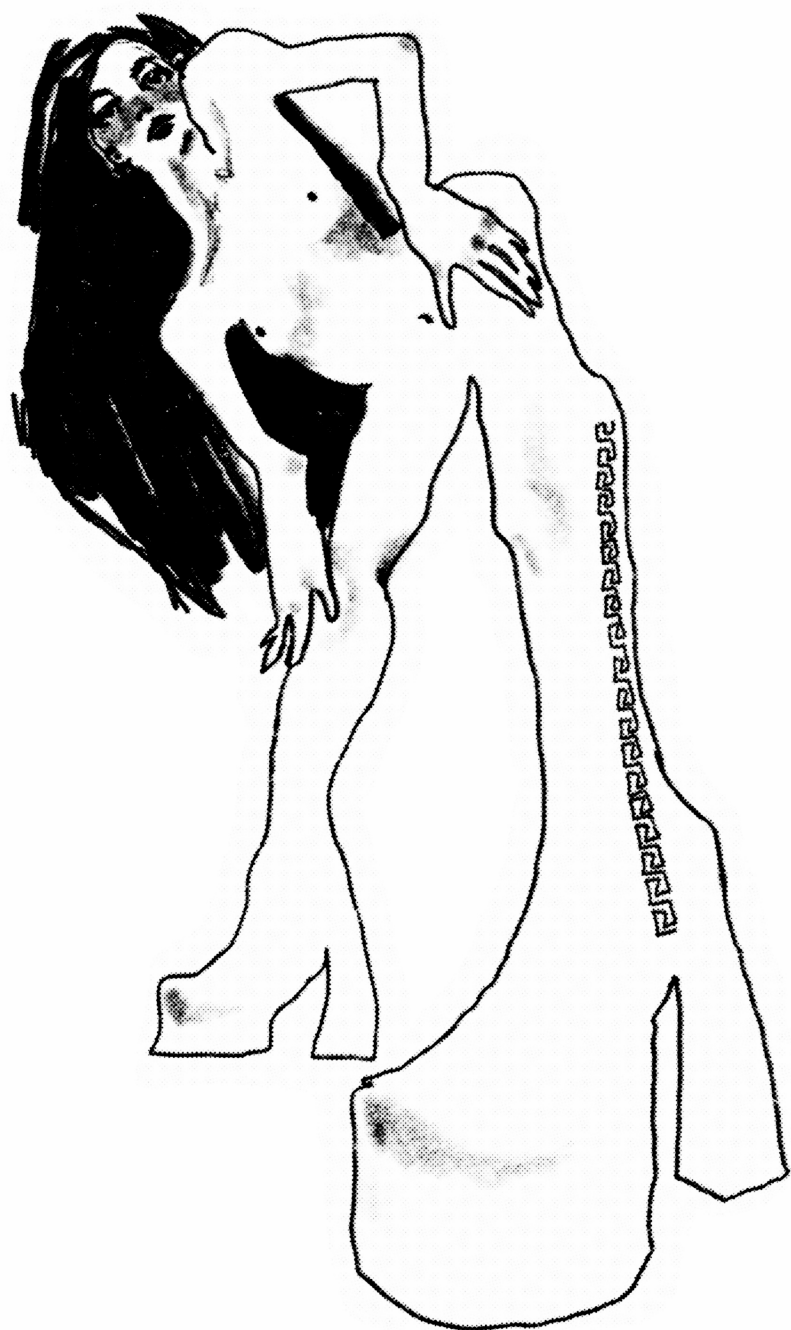
i miss my mother and my grimy lamp. i wake up
on plastic sheets, cold and sore like
a dog's bite. i ache in places he'll never
know. instead, i talk leftist and anti capitalist to him.

i write half a poem when i get home.

like a bad imitation of sylvia plath, it goes:

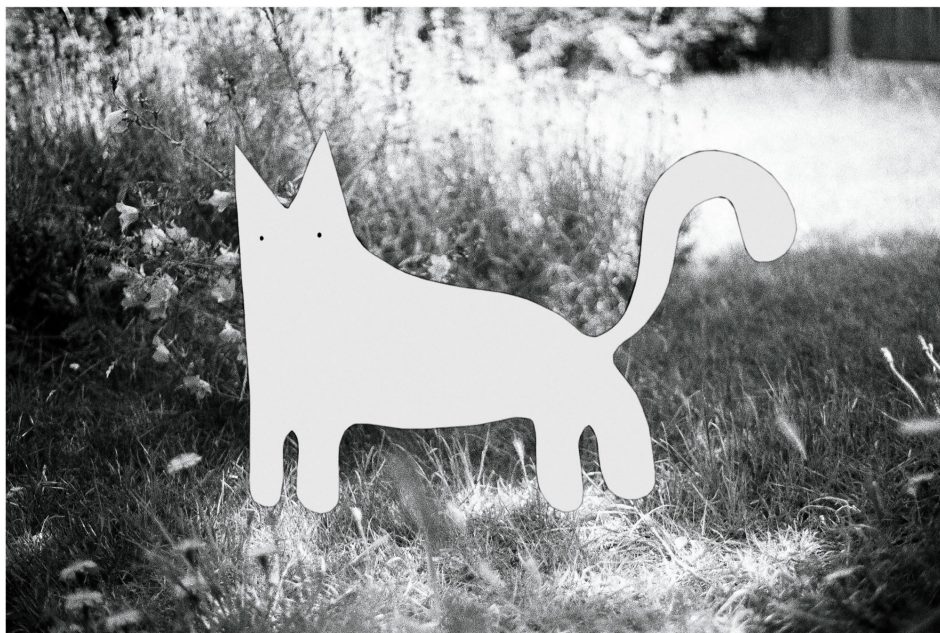
"i ache for you bad. parts of me heave and
push for you. when i think about you
i can hardly breathe. it's not fair.

here i am, all of me. this is me, i present.
all of me aches."

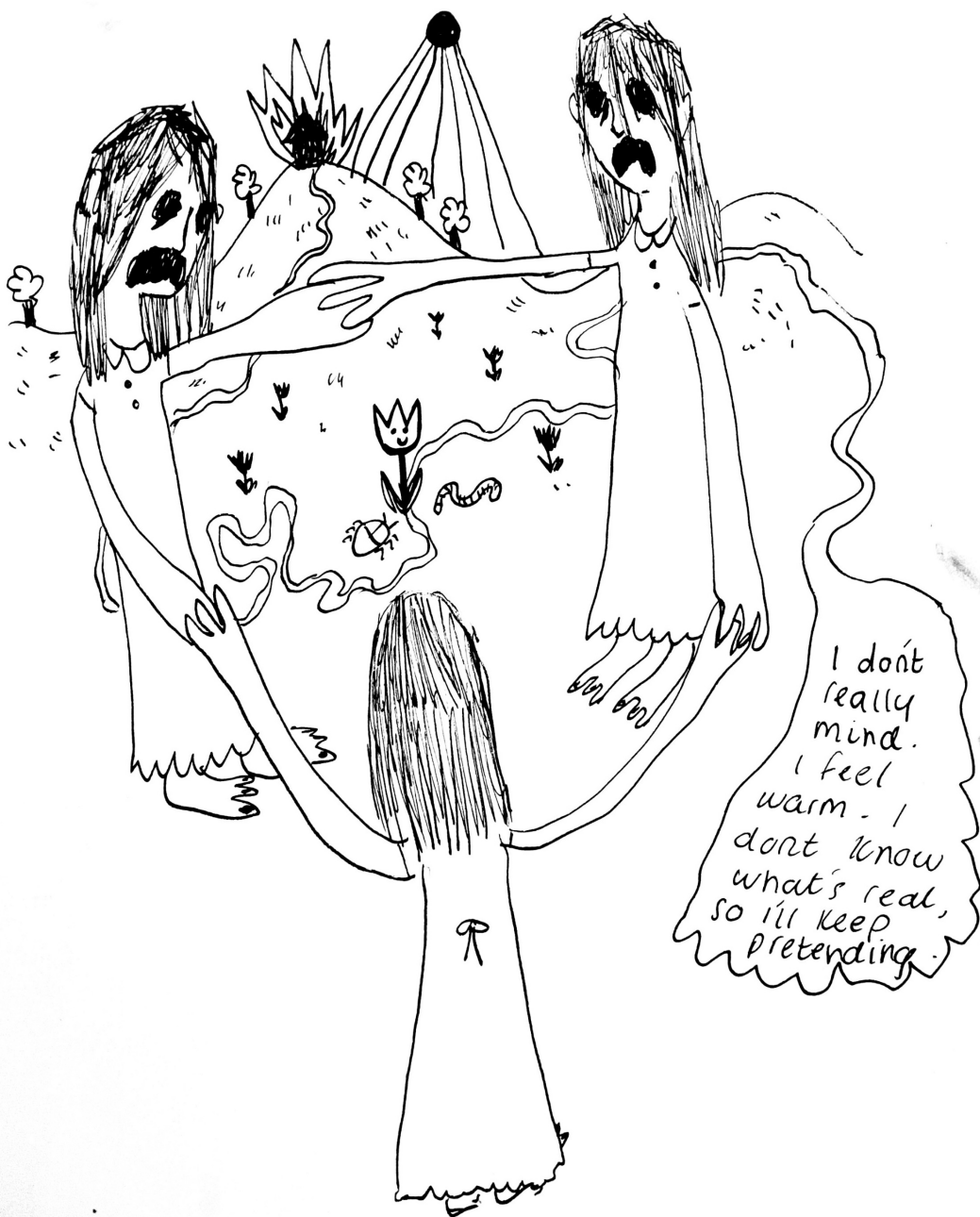




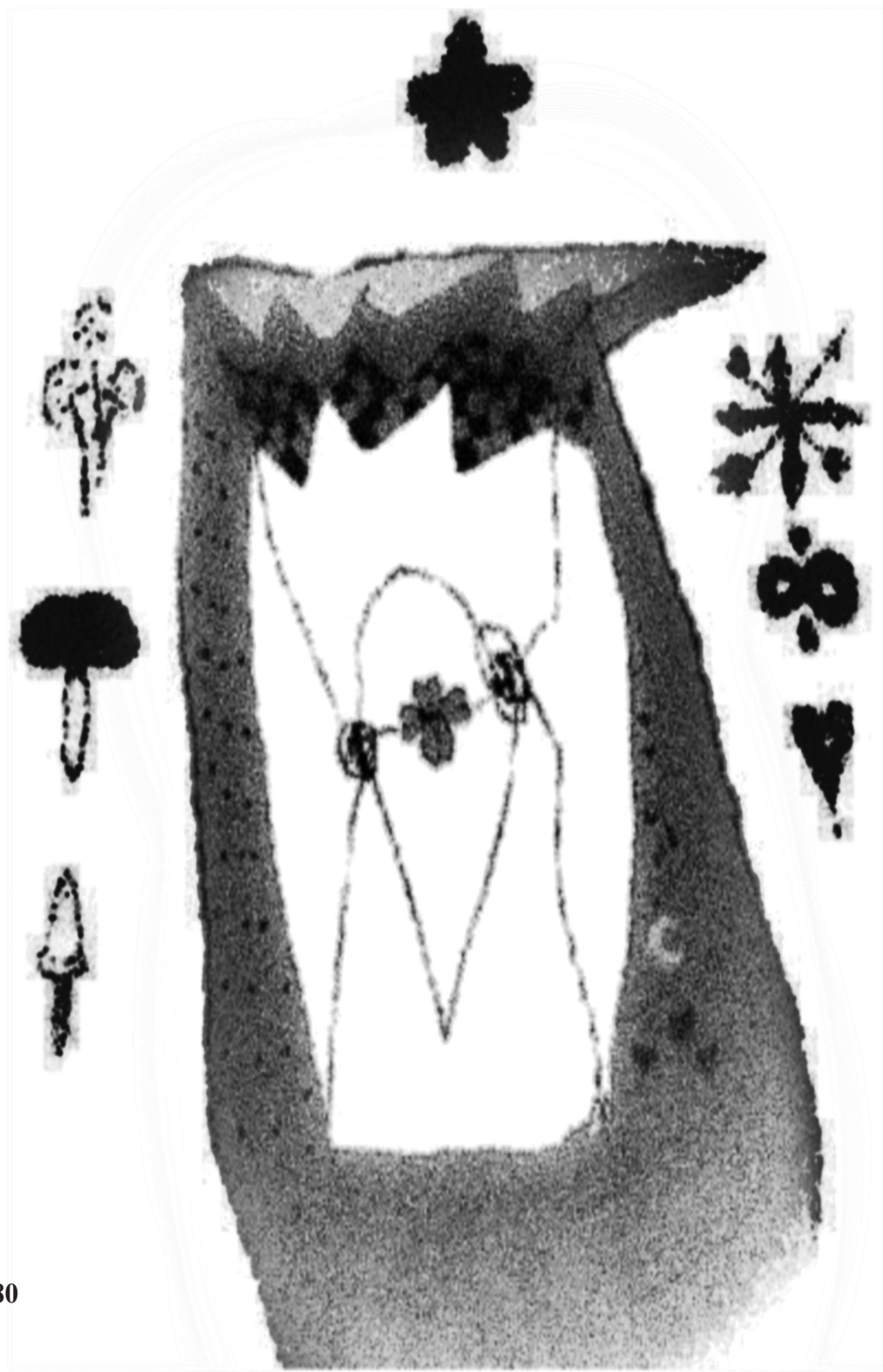






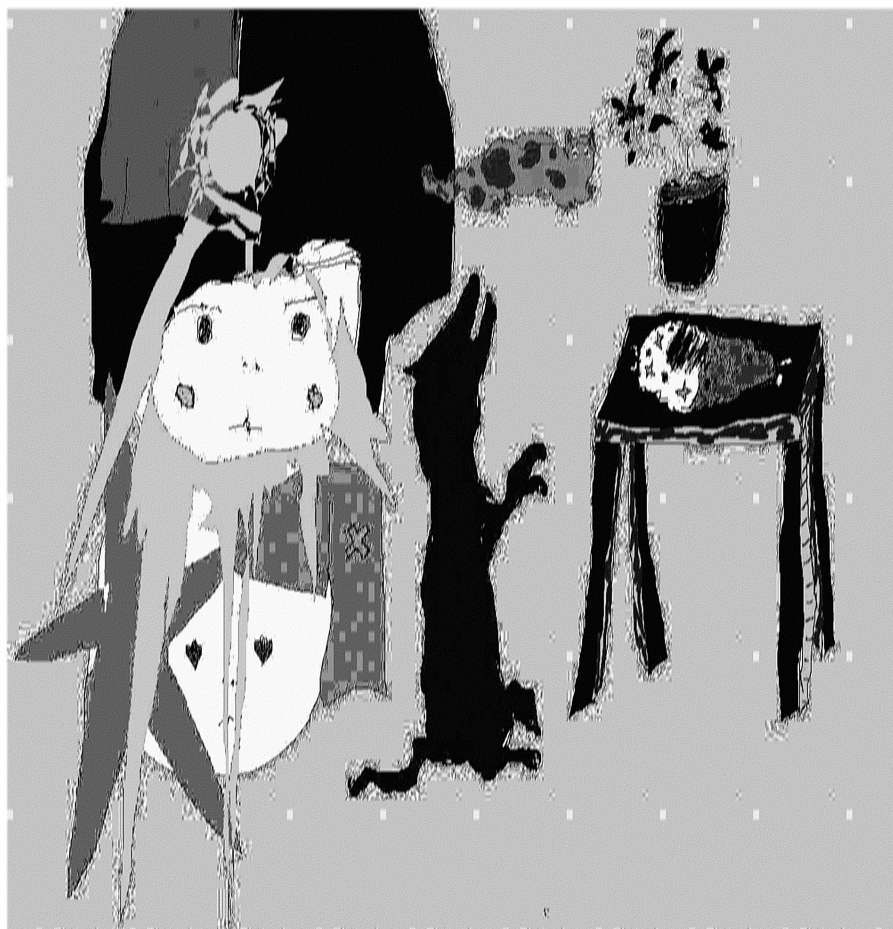


I don't
really
mind.
I feel
warm - I
don't know
what's real,
so I'll keep
pretending.



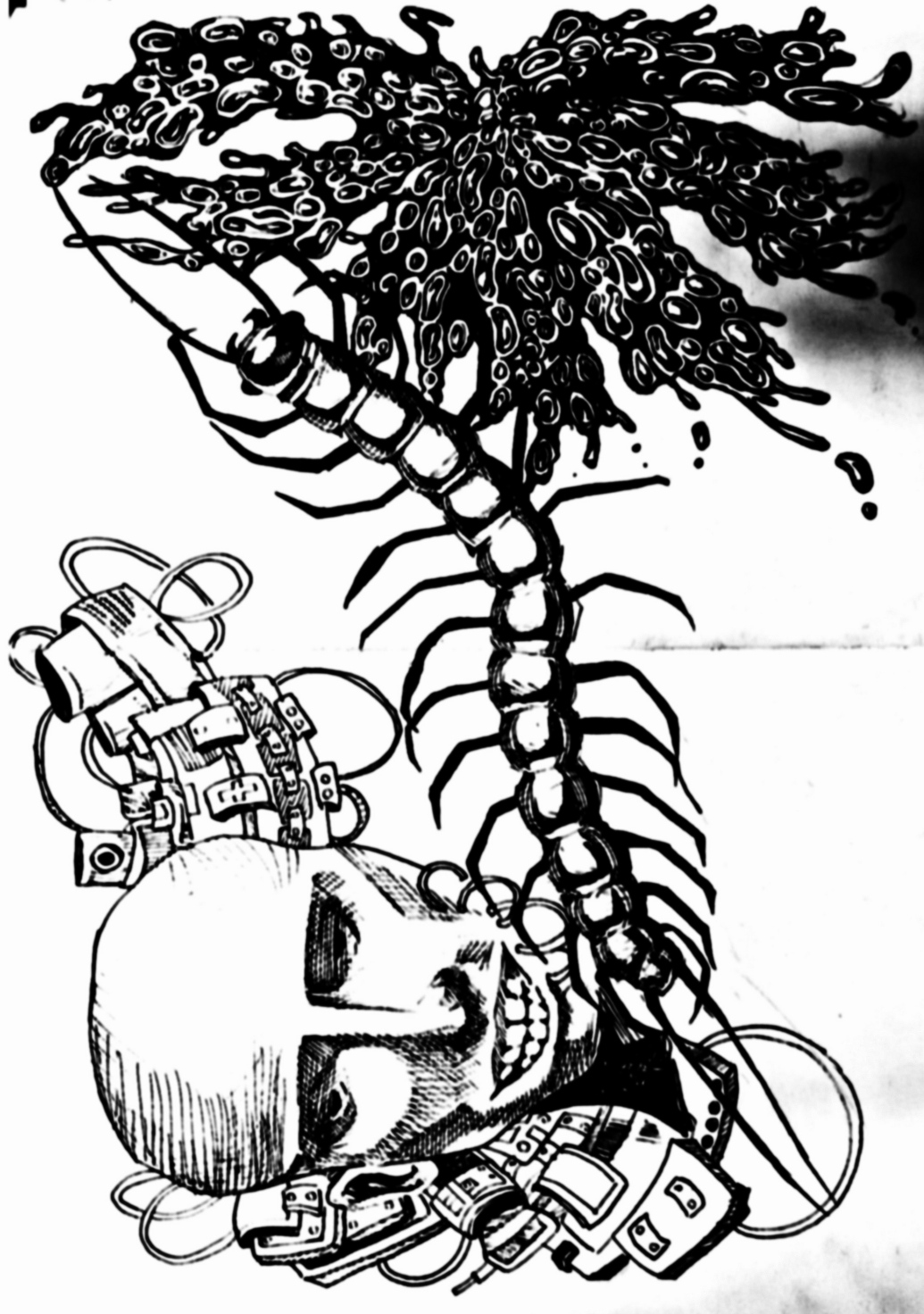




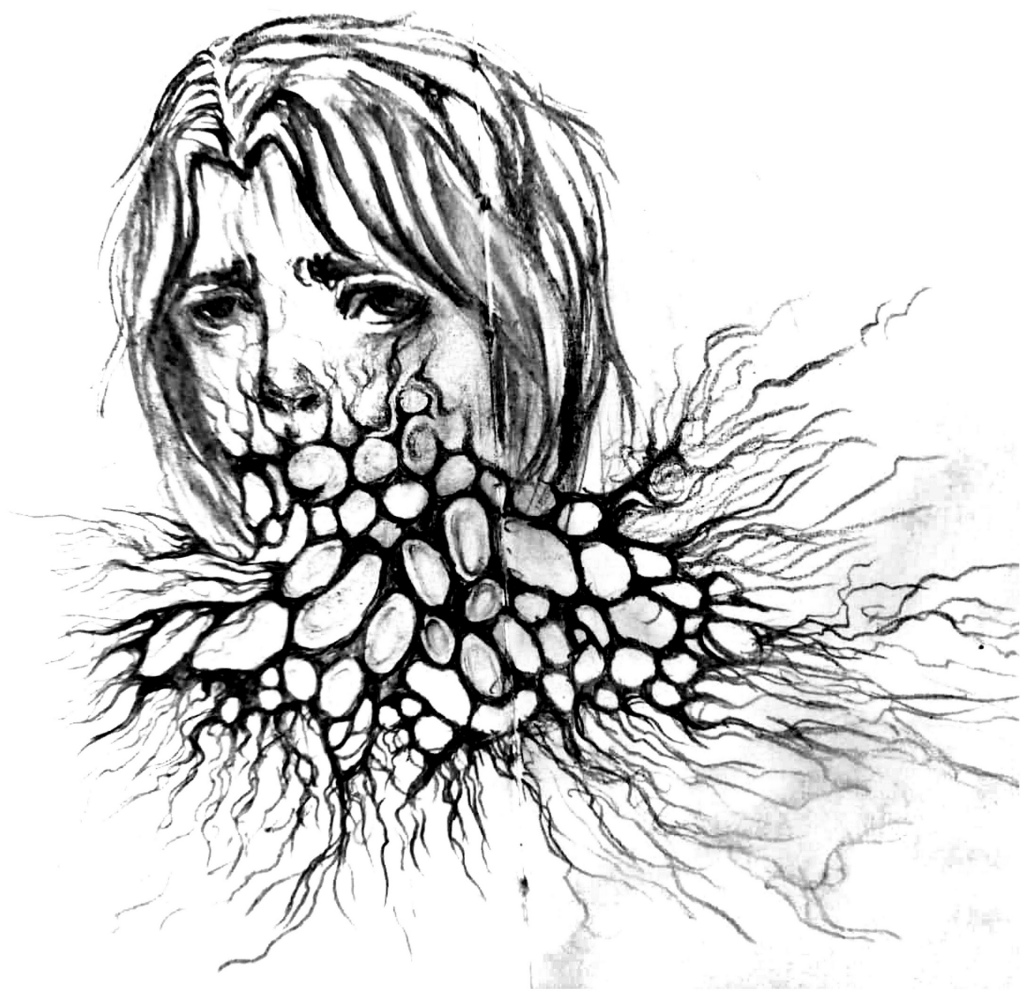














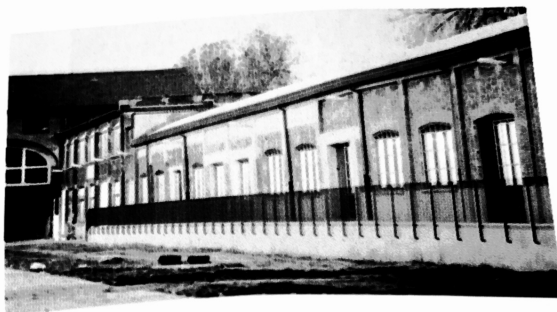


アーティストを育てるクリエイティブ工場

Creative factory nurtures young artists

ミラノ市主宰の「ラ・ファブリカ・デル・ヴァポレ(蒸気工場)」が、2001年2月末にオープンした。ここはアート、デザイン、写真、音楽、演劇、ダンス、映画、文学などの文化の育成を目的としたオープン空間で、若者を対象に開放される。


名前の由来は、ミラノ北西に位置する、かつて蒸気機関車を製造していた工場跡地



Milan City's La Fabbrica del Vapore (The Steam Factory) opened in late February 2001. The space is dedicated to nurturing such culture as art, design, music and theater, and was opened with the following in mind.

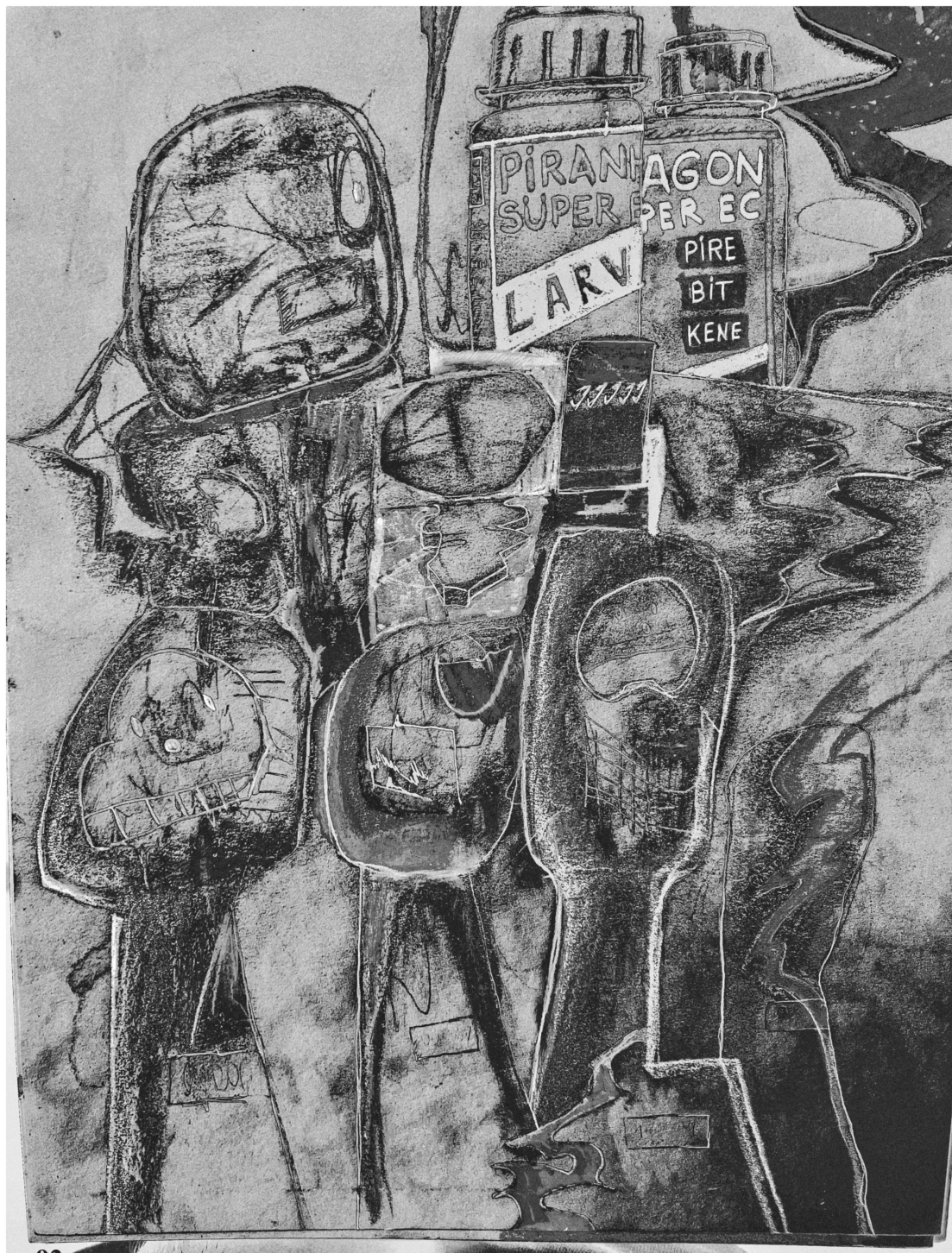
It came from the fact it occupies a former factory that produced steam locomotives. The building that forms the core of the space including the theater is scheduled for renovation, the plans and symbol for which were selected in a competition between creators 35 years old and under.

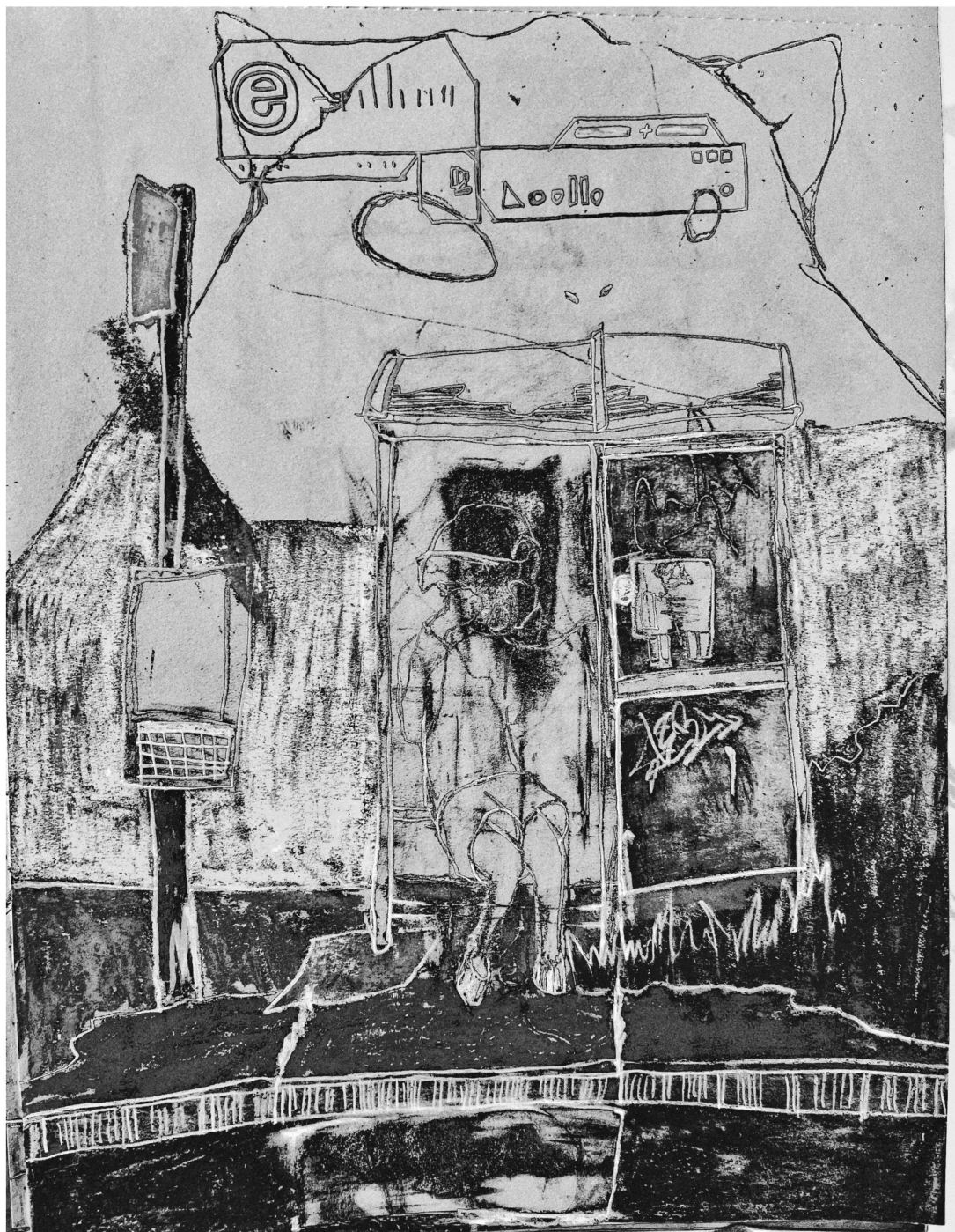
The Town Council for Young People says that "Nurturing culture for local government gives a new relationship between industry and the city. The space to serve as a bridge between culture, and guide today's youth through the various problems that they face."

Just the kind of project that we are looking for. We can look forward to the community level and the next by Hiromi Kim) 

lafabbrica.org

創造力に期待したい。(文/ヒロミ・キム)

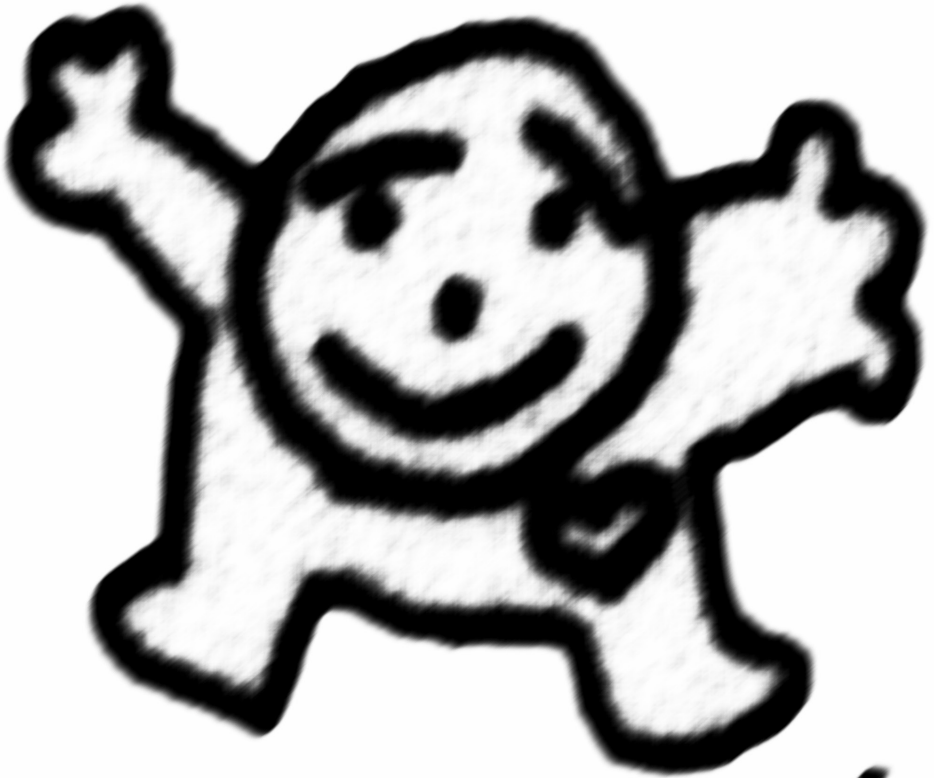






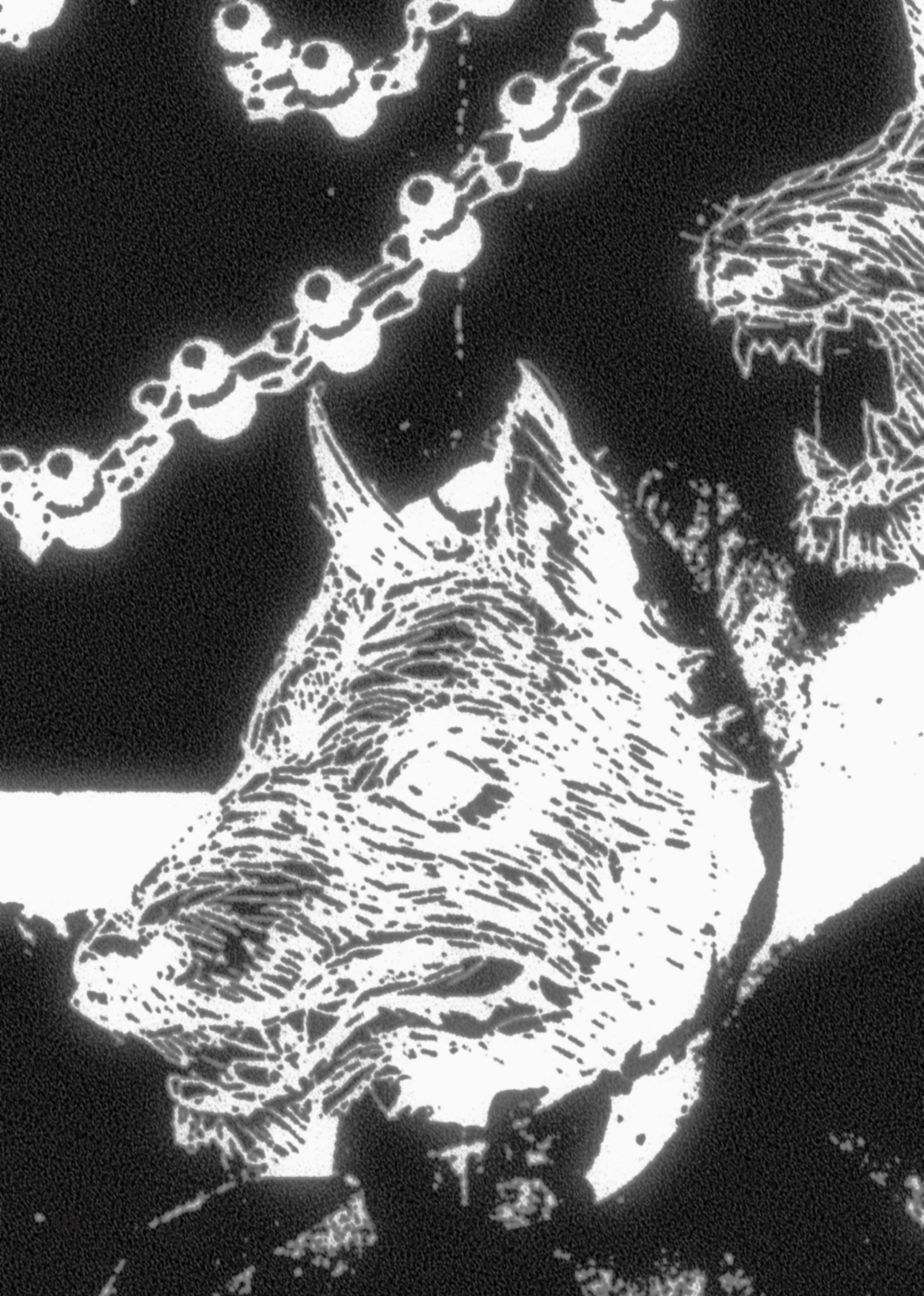


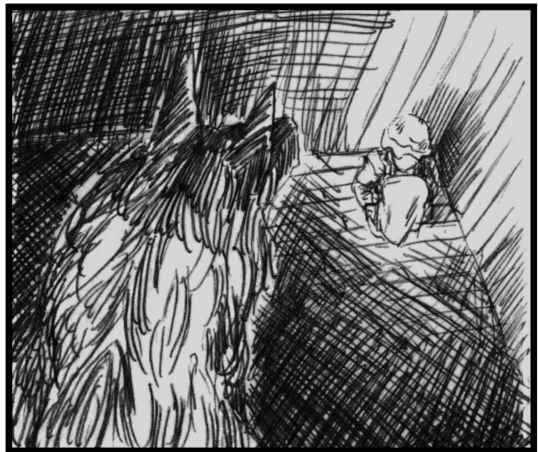
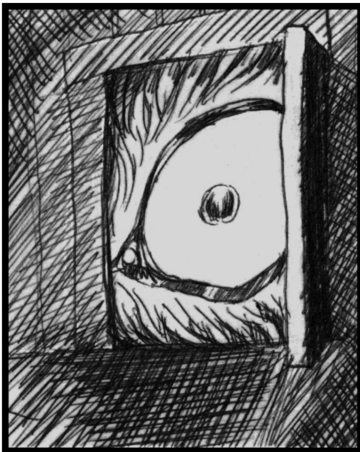
أحبك



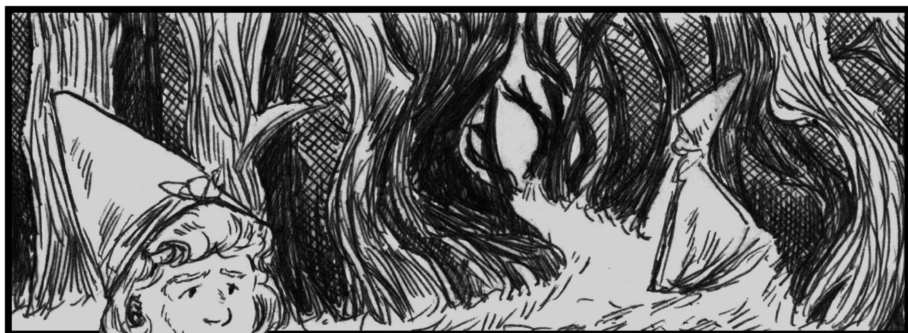
أنت جميلة





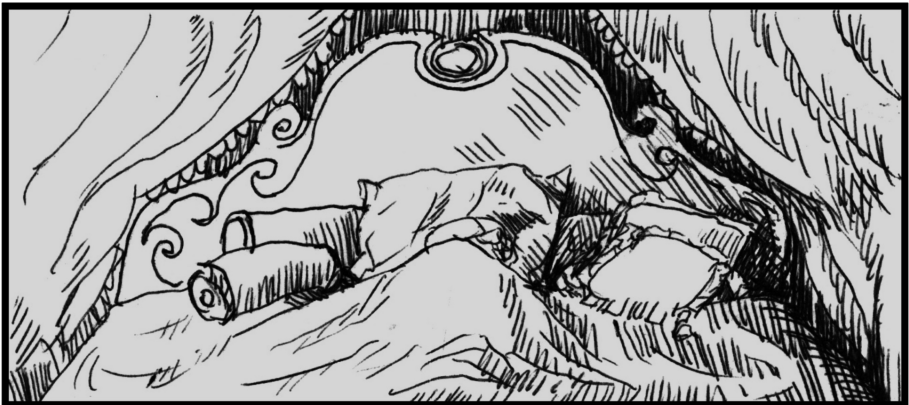


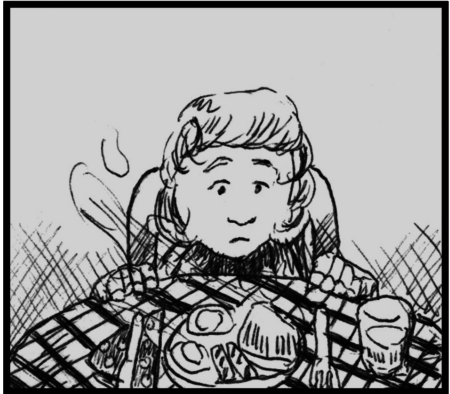
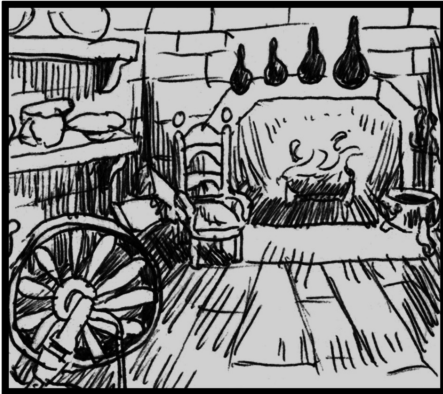


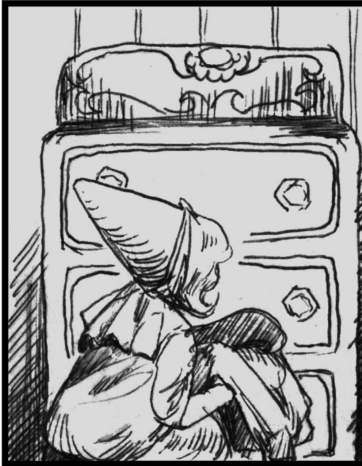
















계속하다



당신의 반전의
오노 반전의
직전에 있다

WANT

TO

be

a

W

to

HAVE

NO WORRIES

to

feel comfortable in

my skin.

TO

BELIEVE IN

fate ...

HA

HA

just

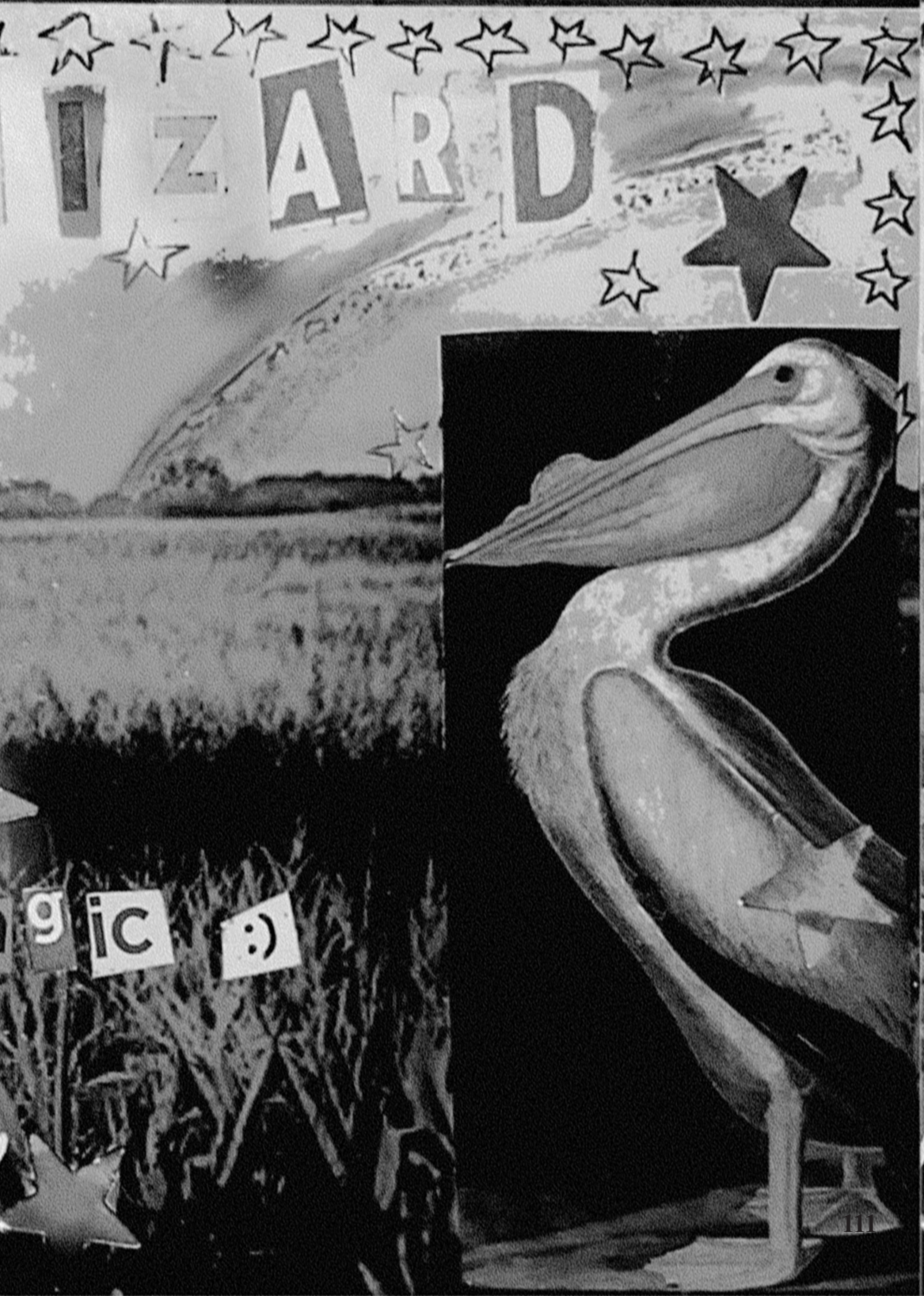
kid|ding!

i

want

Ma

Illinois





MOTLEY

**MOTLEY MAG
WILL HAVE A
FOURTH
ISSUE**

MAG

